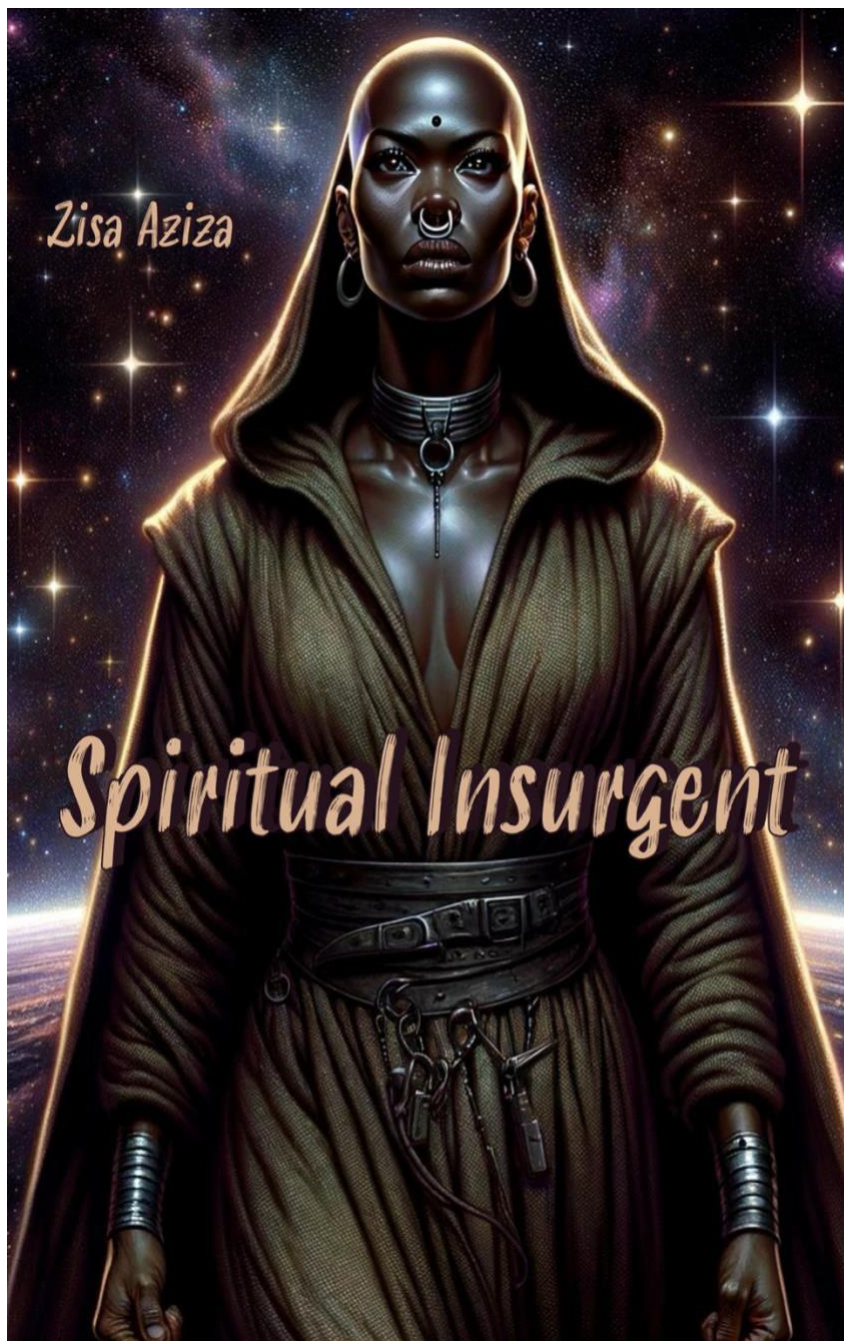
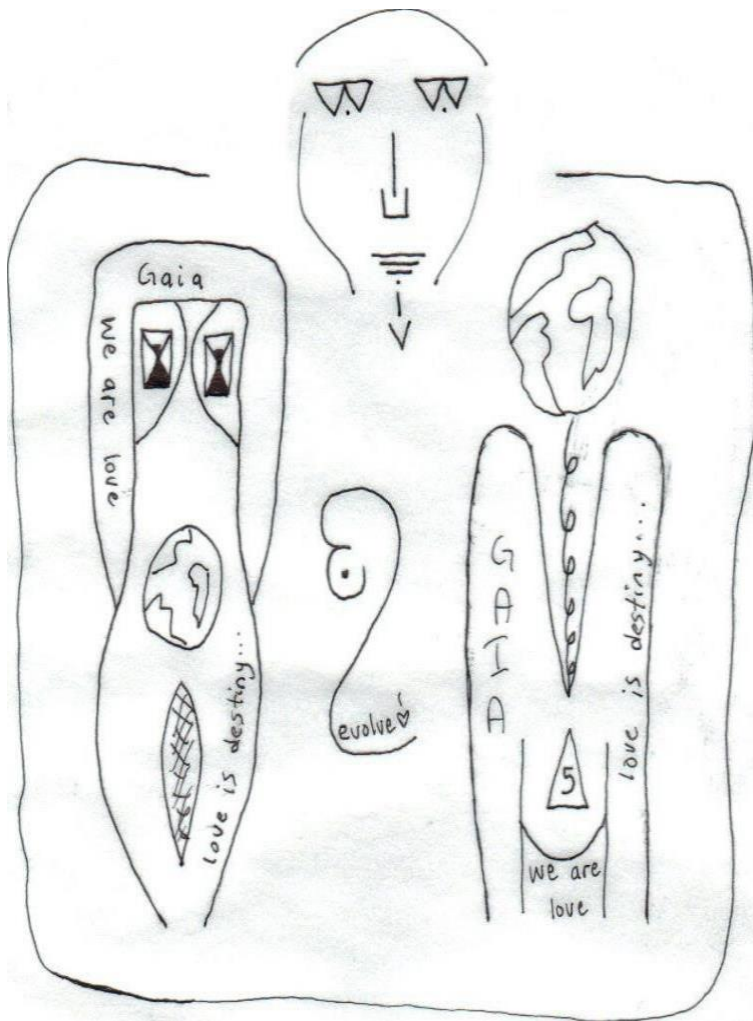




Spiritual Insurgent



Truth is my Compass, & Wisdom my Helm.

once you know, you cannot unknow.
once you have seen, you can never unsee.
once you have allowed yourself to feel,
you are freed from silence; for the
submergence of one's truth only births
havoc within the self.

Zisa Aziza

Negress of Saturn's Deeds

NegressOfSaturn.com
Truths89.com | ZisaAziza.com

Open Access ©2024

Gift Artist Directly:

Venmo/Paypal: @negressofsaturn
CashApp: \$negressofsaturn
Zelle: Negressofsaturn@gmail.com

Copyright:

CC BY-NC (Attribution-NonCommercial) →
CC BY-NC-SA (Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike) →

This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 4.0 International License (CC BY-NC-SA 4.0).
<https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-sa/4.0/>

No individual, corporation, or entity may claim ownership of this work beyond the author's original intent. This work is meant for public access and creative preservation.

In acceptance of:

Time is a spattered clock.
Space, an unweeded web of fate.

Macro Prognosis

Evil is a social pandemic,
its symptomology is systemic.

Dark Psychology is employed with luxury;
as the feeble trust the least worthy.

“Earth is a wayward station, a funnel trap, where the universe performs a stop-and-frisk upon our consciousness until we master oneness.”

Epigenetic Colonialism

A thousand microaggressions
Inflame the soul;

Society extracts
A malevolent toll

*“When denial invokes buffering,
Clinging exacerbates your suffering.”*

Infinity Series

Reframing normalcy when seeking harmony is a quintessential novelty.

As I sway the duster of my attention upon the patterns in my life, I am overjoyed by the clarity of knowing.

I am grateful to the chaos bearers who have decidedly distorted my trauma-ridden calm. These unwitting liberators have lit torches, showing me the way out of familiar dysfunction-infested darkness.

They have invited me to reflect on what I gain from embodying a high tolerance with casual disdain and chronic anguish.

As I peel the selves I never wanted to be and accept how many of my camouflages allowed me to make it here, I demand nakedness so I can see myself clearly in lieu of fear.

CC: Re/Humanity

How do we disrobe the haze of social conditioning?

How can we lighten the load of the energetic density wrapped around our collective psyche like a venomous snake that taunts us with phantoms of our mortality?

Lingua

Language is a portal
Lexicons are dimensions

Questions are keys to the
Locks that connect doors

That bridge the material and cosmic seas
Science, math, and theology are different dialects
that articulate an existential epistemology.

*“We all have our station,
But do you know your ranking?”*

Cult-Links

I am an interdisciplinary evolutionary;

To hierarchical systems of casted hate,
I disown any status as a beneficiary

FUCK identity,
I sense frequency.

Inverse Hemispheres

Spirituality is for the left brain,
and physics is for the right

At the intersection of this interconnection,
the divine is light

3-2-2, I Don' Grew

Ring around the rosy,
Hell used to feel cozy

Don't conflate currency with value,
For the rate of exchange will agitate

When the stock of your company goes bust,
The value of peace becomes a bull market

You miss the subtext
If you don't know the context

And when you ain't curious,
You act dubious

The best way for me to get my lick back
Is not to look back

Recovery

After a 7-year bid
Of chemical detainment

Charged against my will,
The Lord has delivered my ordainment

It's funky having such deep insight;
Transparent truth can leak or incite

This batch ain't ripe
The neuropsychic fungus
Is pathologically resistant;
Such persistence defiles our existence

We don't teach people how to drink water
But we have built curriculums to illustrate
Eugenics with euphemistic vernacular

*I have no flame in the fire that rages
within the collective shadow*

I have neither ammo nor an arrow
For tomorrow, I borrow sorrow

May the ashes be fertile,
As we circle the eternal

Trader Throes

Mixed signals
Wrong symbols

Odd pixels
Wrinkled ripples

*How it starts,
Is how it goes*

Water your repose;
Roses are ratios

Time overflows;
Destiny is juxtapose

Mirror:

Am I the real Dorothy?

The allure of synchronicity has waned
Fantasy has become profaned

Chapter 11:

I rebuke every liability
I no longer project viability

Dear Galactic Squad,

There are either too many cooks in the kitchen,
Or I don't know the recipe

To what dimensional embassy,
Shall I request an intermediary
To assist with the clarification of Destiny?

*It's out of my hands
It is over my head*

Imma let God make this bed.

Lastly, Dorothy may be lost
Because at Columba, we stay crossed

If three is a charm,
Four may be an alarm

Are we doves who cannot
Decipher the compass by which God loves?

Divine posse, Imma let Y'ALL unscramble
The preamble of a sacred gamble

Color Me Idle

As I transition from a paroled period of chemical detainment, I examine the stitches of my multivariate expressions of Stockholm Syndrome—specifically, this hoopla about redeeming democracy. I cannot loosen the pinch of knowing that capitalism is a multi-level Masonic pyramid project, and therefore, majority rules have never honestly had my humanity among its objectives.

At present, Two White Senile men who are threads away

from the lines of fate rescinding their pulse are vying for
a nation on Hospice Care.

I must be in an MK-Ultra Skit because The Simpsons are
the cliff notes.

Energetic Survey

Behind my iris, she peers

The devil is a parasitic armed robber,
Who jacks the vehicles of those in proximity to me

Perpetually confounded, I gawk at the waves of insolence
Dubiously, I incarnated with a keen awareness of how
swiftly a throat could be slit

My cosmic sensitivity is not common,
So I pray for penance

Willful Devotion

May the real Dorothy Stand Up?
Woman, I'm thirsty; Pass me ya cup!

These body-hopping viral bots
Got shiny teeth with dim eye slots

Together, shall we drink some tea?
My eternal Queen, time s not a spree!

Sheets of Linen

Be here, now?
Be here, now.
Be here now!

To truth, you vow,
The darkness you plow,
For the lord endow.

Avowal

You sit in your skin long enough, and you'll sense the
malevolent pheromones in every breed of this sapient
species.

Earth isn't ghetto; The hominoid is neurologically unfit.
Reincarnation is a cycle of an unending script;

I am unsplit.

Cognitive Spam

When memory attempts to drown me, I chuckle.

Although I have an intermittent craving for revenge,
My appetite has a karmic orientation

For its accrual and righteous dispensation.

Predation on a Train

Estrogen is a demon's
Carnal bait

My womb,
A morgue in quarantine

Love is a tincture,
I brew to ornate

This medicine will implode,
If the fates must intervene

Ruminant Remnants

...Due North

Whatever supports the efficacy
and completion of my mission, I beckon forth.

Your health and your knowledge, what you integrate and
embody, and how you apply are all you have upon which
you can rely.

In the cosmic covert affairs, I am not a civilian. As a
subversive metaphysical physician, I am a responsive
paramedic of an intangible affliction.

These coochie lakes ain't got enough oxygen for my
heart's lungs.

If we perceive existential alarms with dissimilarity, my
keen sensitivity will trigger your hilarity.

Only you know the cadence of your dreams. Your
perception threads your reality's seams.

We do not all drink of the same streams flowing in
God's valley. Some folks are sipping from a sweet sewer
in a neon-lit alley.

I accept being delusional because I believe God's essence is housed in every living being, but I also know the devil is a serial squatter.

In the absence of resonance, the notion of beneficence is fodder for ruminant irrelevance.

Harm is precarious when sentience is nefarious, and its trauma is vicarious.

Many replicas are walking with the blood but not of its grace.

Is my scoby ripe? Has the bacterium of my trauma become a spored fungus? Am I a mushroom? With whom do I share my network?

I see slave dynamics at every intersection of differential status; the psychological dysfunction bears the echo of money lashes and soul lynchings.

When the plantation is the flesh of this reality, how do I shed skin within the simulation and become a divine emulation?

Accedence

The ripples of time drip on my brow
As a chamber of sound, I made my
vow

Is it a plume or an asteroid?
The deployed can't be paranoid

Evolution is participatory;
I love a good story:

Transmutation is mandatory

*“Neurodivergence is an evolutionary adaptation;
An embodied calibration of destiny’s activation.”*

-
*“God don’t stutter;
Unplug your soul’s clutter.”*

Dear Dead Legacy,

If you knew how people pimp and pawn your purpose:

They sell you like carpet,
upon which they’d never be worthy to walk.

They call you an ancestor and drape your face
on their edibles and psilocybin.

They create a mythology of you,
but in their skin, they adorn disbelief.

They make a business of mockery that dilutes your
sacrifice for the palatability of their commercialization.

But it’s all above board when the salesperson looks like
you and sells you their dead.

*The irony is running a marathon in my head.
All weapons aren’t made of bullets, and yet I still taste lead*

Solemnly Led

The thinner the thread,
The fewer will tread;

Trust your stead

Pay Attention

The present is the most viable currency.

The past is debt,
and the future is inflated.

Divine Asset

I am the steward
of a multicellular temple

My faith in God has conferred
my celestial credential

*“Read the fine print of your intuition;
Don’t force the attorney of your higher self
to intercede on divine permission.”*

Do It for The Culture

How do you curate your personality to illustrate your soul's veracity? I am a thespian in this hellscape of a shared material reality.

If Earth is a galactic Petri dish, I intend to embody the most exquisite cellular expression of dualistic dispossession.

How Imperialist of Us?

Respectfully, I witnessed a very pregnant woman laud the sacrifices of college-enrolled adolescents who have incurred legal charges and court fees, and many of their colleges are withholding their earned degrees as seized property.

She praised their fearlessness with evident gratitude.

As a nation, our industrial labor force was outsourced for variants of slave servitude, while corporations accumulated profit they could not spend in five generations of their lineages.

And here we are, outsourcing the disruptive ideologies and enacted resistance that must hammer at the pillars of this crooked empire to Generation Z and the unborn.

This cavalier embodiment of the trickled-down colonizer is an endless parody of the liminality of rebranded and restructured maneuvers to psychologically and materially denounce liability and responsibility for our complicity.

So, we throw flowers, say their names, and pinch their cheeks.

After all, we who are 40, 50, and 60 years old, who have snacked on the American Dream Scam, expect those who cannot delude themselves into the belief of a safety net, clean food and water, or affordable housing being attainable should lay their precarious future on the line?

They should be televised in their reactive resistance, in which they are baited pawns so that we can mock their incredulously risky sacrifice with flattery.

Yea, that sounds eerily similar to blaming the global south's issues as a lack of self-governing capabilities and hoping they work out their tribal issues, as we are running rape trains on their land that defy the laws of time.

Hmm...

Humanity feels like a GMO-infected civilization. Every seed for itself; if the soil isn't the problem, it must be the water.

*“Memory is a landscape, a nonphysical colony, the
target upon which the weaponization
of erasure serves the perpetuation of
existential annihilation.”*

Boarding

I don't know if I'll be as light as a feather,
But I got a dagger on my skull to cut the tether

I'll discard every notion of separation;
My consciousness is committed to salvation

Lead the Charge

Not a purist, but a realist
We all have a role to play

Even your blessings have a copay

Every bloodline ain't royal
This melanin been corrupted

The truth be gutted, as its fallacy stay strutted

No need for division, but we must be sifted
In the arithmetic of life, many cannot be retrofitted

I don't care your branded identity or the ventricles of its
density

We in school, and I think many don' forgot the
assignment
In the pursuit of divine realignment, we personify an
Evolutionary Paramilitary

The fawned sedentary intellectualism serves our
existential adversary

Your cosmic inheritance is a gift you must apply
Nature or nurture, with the polarities, are you versatile?

We are disciples for whom only God can verify

Placelessness

Disorientation occurs
when you return to the
living rubble and sense the texture
of their flattened souls.

Sacred Labyrinth

I was born on the run,
Met a crystal pimping shaman,
Her energy was a jammed gun

Instinctually, I perform routine sentence checks
Gritty specks, with they flex, had me perplex
I be deciphering the hex within the codex

We in the jungle where light and dark
Indulge costume changes upon Earth's ark
With a candlelight, the interdimensional hauntings are
seen by the neophyte

Propolis

Stay alive,
protect the hive.

Timeless words,
we shall revive.

Differentiated Essence

Because you have a complexion,
You have an accent

Because you wear skin,
With sound, you speak

Natural Lighting

I love my lane:

As I journey the terrain,
I am in no rush to destiny
Because my God will always ordain
The embodied brilliance from which I reign

Earth Lab

Psychic Parasites,
Unconscious Blights

Indistinguishable Origin;
The Devil is Nonpartisan

Battle Pleasantries

I observe bystanders;
I've never known a witness

Time soaks irony for the grill
Grace is a delicate skill

I grind silence and temper the spill
This wakeful dream is not a drill

I inspect free will as I smell roadkill

Endoscopic CCTV: Let's Get Free

Evolution is a tornado that mocks the notion of conscription into neatly delicate respectability for superficial palatability.

With grace, let's permit each other to be messy, spill a tear, or pick a wound with their words, inflection, unmasked sorrow, and unguarded vulnerability, and deny the impulse to rescue or dismiss but to bear witness and honor their journey.

With conscious intention, we can multiply mercy, summon harmony, and harvest our divine sovereignty.

North Node

Our collective and respective trauma narrative is the foundation upon which we have staked our identities.

As a society, we exhibit an adamant addiction to our pride and its degenerative affliction.

We can either choose emancipation or revel in masturbatory annihilation.

Our structural and spiritual woundedness is the ecstasy of our inherited and self-perpetuated incestuous assaults for power.

When we become sober, our urge to devour is superseded by the instinct to empower, and with our souls linked, as we are fueled by the sun, we charge the imperial tower.

Truism: 003

If we refuse to integrate the polarities of the human dilemma, are we fanatic revisionists? Is pop psychology weaponized further to obfuscate the behavioral deployment of extractive manipulation and abuse?

I am learning to accept that two things can be true: some are neurodivergent, and others are spiritually disabled. These groups bear an inherent tension because one can exhibit innate expansion while the other perverse contraction.

If you are committed to infidelity in your relationship with self-honesty, in response, I will truncate my presence to spare myself the metaphysical levity of your energetic vulgarity.

*“If oppressive systems weaponize incompetence,
shall we contemplate how we may divest
in capitalist excellence?”*

My Mars, to your Sun

Neither the language nor the idea is brand new, but with time, we see the clue anew.

The stories we tell ourselves paint the bars that perpetuate our scars.

I don't have time to regret:
Either I am going to course correct,

Or, in my relationship with truth, I become
circumspect and opt for self-neglect.

We bleed with every passing season, hoping someone
will feed the pain with reason.

The injuries incurred by our innocence cannot be
remedied by negating the rage of persistent disposability.
Your usefulness and likeability as a fixer who coaxes
sadness into a calm do not determine your worth or
value.

Although your inner child is welcome to remain a key
partner in your life's journey, she should never be seated
behind the steering wheel because she hasn't
metabolized the cause and effect of things not yet
alchemized.

I implore you to internalize the grace and generosity you splurge on those who cannot fathom the spiritual bankruptcy you conceal. I assure you that your dividends will prosper beyond the cost of Flattery's credit balance.

Op-ed

In contemporary psychological warfare, the intent is to facilitate a sociocultural and religiopolitical psychotronic climate that energetically scrambles the reset code and reinforces the existential padlocks, barring the access and embodiment of unity consciousness. Whereby every decoy from race to geography is employed to disguise the currency of death in favor of the truth of malevolent worldwide dictatorship.

*“The parasitic impulse to coerce and hoard power
expresses a pathological fragility,
a makeshift shapeshifter that
exemplifies volatility.”*

Sirian Operative: XII

Attachment compromises objectivity
Groupthink demands impassivity

Reason necessitates sensitivity;
It requires reflexive receptivity

Discordance spreads infectivity
At the fringes, you observe transitivity

Refund your sentiment:
Pay the cost, or be the deficit

Cultish Zest

From the bay window of whiteness, in an imperial gingerbread palace, we ridicule the view and ignore our reflection.

When the complexion of my inflection whispers a colonial insurrection, of psychological dejection, in your eyes, I witness your self-ejection.

We throw a raft at those drowning but never weaken the pressure of the flood: we, the suppressors, are charitable aggressors.

The lies to which we vow are fractures only the soul can plow.

Rhythmless Drum

With time, the path is twofold:
You either choose to ferment or become mold

Many of these elders stack years
and bear little to be resold

And yet, their arrogant fragility remains bold

God's Seed

Adaptation is Divination:

You are an illustration of cosmic provocation;
In your veneration, master the calibration.

Exfoliated Sentiment

As spirits experiencing a corporeal existence, would earth be the dream in which we ought to become lucid?

Might we moonwalk between the revolving doors of conscious states?

Is déjà vu illustrative of the time lapse between dimensions?

Among us, who are the pioneers? For whom do we feed our torch?

Is there an inversion in the metaphors? As above, so below; are we going toe to toe? How would we know?

The microcosm mirrors the macrocosm, like a riddle reverberating by the scene tense.

Do you feel the overlay? Does the hour feel plastered, a mix of clay? Does the air feel heavy? Do your senses perceive an invisible levy?

We cook shame and serve blame. War is the
foundational mainframe. How do we win this simulated
game if we disclaim truth because we fancy the illusions
of trite fame?

I exclaim, the timelines are maimed. We must not
defame destiny.

The future is aflame.

*“I sit on the ledge of an epoch, dangling faith,
as my dreams stalk.”*

Spell: 042

Mind your grace,
Pity is sought to chase

Your compassion, some folk, may debase

Abdicated

Time is frayed,
My blood has surveyed

Forgiveness swayed,
As the preyed were betrayed

In the decay, I load prayer
As I await time to ricochet

Saturn's Astronaut

The Universe teases me,
The Seduction is litty; I fancy myself a Zaddy

She gasses me up and reminds me:
“At most, you’re a power bottom.”

Humbled, with glee, I mutter:
‘Can you hit up Dorothy?’

The Scorpio who tickled my soul to flutter?
The one I ran into thrice amidst the city’s clutter

I promise I won’t rush Love’s proposal; I gaily miss her
ambrosial essence

May time be at our disposal

The Land and its Queen

Mirror, Mirror, on the Wall
Do reveal the truth to us all

Why, in ancient times, was my skin venerated?
On this day, my liking is synchronously emulated and
expostulated.

Mirror, Mirror, on the Wall
Do not spare the truth from us all

When did divine semblance become spatiotemporally
incapacitated?

Peer the Veer

Folk specializing in rhetoric,
Enforced dependency ain't slick

If we literate,
Ignorance is deliberate

I've known too many doctors who are soul-
sick They got a mental tick; the pathogen is
acidic

The spectrum between the empath and the narcissist
Parallels the divergence of the introvert and extrovert

One pulls, and the other absorbs
One marks its feed; the other eats shards

But in the theatre of power, that is impelled to control,
Domination will disguise its cunning appetite as a
respectable role, and with "care," your trust it will cajole

Between prey and predator, most folks are ambivalent
switches
But those striving for accolades that are prestigious,
them wolves, are prodigious

The Surgeon gives the serial killer a shape-up
The Gynecologist turns rape into a check-up

The Therapist, a voyeuristic micromanager who guides
The Professor treats truth as a tide they must divide

LIBERATION IS AN UNWANTED LANDSLIDE

In every dynamic, ask yourself:

Who is the massa and the enslaved?
Who is feeding, and what is craved?

In 35 years, I have never felt so clear;
Interrogate that which you revere

I don't care how premier the austere
Is the racketeer the auctioneer?

Is your self-delusion the cashier?
If you pay the cost, are you the profiteer?

Broken Dissonance

Would an inmate ask a correctional officer to liberate
them from their cell?

Aren't they both in jail? One clocks out but must clock
in to have a place to squat.

When you believe you are seated in the circus audience,
you are not cognizant of the tricks cast within your role.
In jest and mockery to the script, you enroll.

I knew a therapist who swore anyone could eat the cake
she was fed from birth. I spent five years exclaiming that
confectionery wasn't food and her illusion was a dream I
eschewed.

I went to a fountain to drink, but I didn't realize the
water made me shrink, and the contaminated pipes
made my imagination sink.

I'm scavenging all the self-authority I traded for the
betrayal that was slick and had me faded.

Therapist, it ain't your profession, but you wear an accumulation of oppressive repression as your concession that borders between fragile and impenetrable.

In my mind's eye, you were a bankrupt fragment who was a dedicated magnet for life's egoic pageant.

The Sigma Complex

I forgive myself for the queried applause of my adversaries. I do not defend this profane incongruence; Truth is constant, but its application varies.

Promotion

During a season of reconnaissance,
As I made my advance with confidence,
A coordinated counterattack besieged my consciousness

This wasn't friendly fire from my squadmates
These enemy combatants were the devil's syndicates

A spy has no ally when GOD is her handler; Fuck the
banter, no chaser, pure candor

I'm struck between wary and emissary;
These goofy bots with they tactics ain't diversionary

I'm playing my controller, like a real one— TRUMAN,
they overdid it, I'm overdone

I pour a tear out for those who had me spun I stay
stretching; the war has just begun

How does a master seek a mentor when destiny is an unremembered splendor?

I divorce confusion, as I willfully marry a holy fusion.

When you are covered, by time, you are sculptured, while your divine faith is perpetually unencumbered.

*“I honor life’s curriculum by focusing on the lesson,
not its instructor, for I intend to transmit
wisdom as a semiconductor.”*

The Specificities

The internal and external applications of imperialistic industrialization Which are expressed as gentrification and colonization

Perform systemic deprivation and neglect as a eugenist affirmation of racial inferiority, which produces the conflation of melanin with traumatic ideology as an epidemiology

When extraction of resources and culture, along with displacement is a strategically structured enforcement of placelessness to perpetuate hopelessness

Disengaging critical thinking enables our internalized disempowerment, with consent, and hastens our spiritual descent

Reverse with Interest

To anyone who thought they had power
over me and sought pain to inflict, may you swim in the
sea of tragedy you conspired to afflict.

In My Core

I failed to launch successfully,
in the conventional capitalistic delusions,
I never even faked the trial; eagerly, I plead guilty,
because I always knew me

I observe emotional pornography
as folk espouse a dream for an anti-racist world
with curriculum in hand as they drool over Academic
Sisterhood founded in the Ivory Tower that bestowed
their self-worth, where they bonded with their cognitive
dissonance and its hurt

Truth is the foundation of liberation and trust, but too
many folk are moral polygamists.
They confer doctoral degrees like PPP Loans, folk buying
titles with no character
sitting with a high chin on glass thrones

Sick cells must heal for the organ to repair. If you treat
the world outside but not within, you stare at the illness
reflected,
in our denial, the projection is deflected,
and our collective destiny is distorted while neglected

*“If you lack the range for comprehension, do not
project your insularity upon others as insanity.”*

Sirian Seeks

Trauma Decipher Patriarchy Defier Race Traitor
Treasonous Citizen
Imperial Noncompliance

Disclaimer:

If you have a shoe in this dying race,
I cannot walk at your pace;
We ain't headed to the same place.

Spell: 041

Y'all playing identity politics,
I'm clocking the hide-and-seek

Of power-morphing demonics

Metaphysical Warfare

Assess who may benefit from medicine,
And from whom you must quarantine

This ain't peacetime; Be the marine
Fuck what you heard, what have you seen???

An addiction to power is ripe for demonic parasites
The tactics of psychological evasion are how the
narcissist plays their knights

Keep the Lick

Time does not wash away blood stains,
And all wounds do not drip

In the realm of eternity,
These chains stick

Sharing your perpetrator's reflection
Can arouse your ego into an erection

But such entertainment,
Prolongs your earthly detainment

Discern the difference between a bait,
And what must be quelled, for it will not abate

Corresponding Analysis

If energy and time are currency
And truth discerns one's allotted budget

Arguing with one's instinctive knowing
Is a fool's fraudulence

That insists on accruing the debt of regret

First Principle

The prospect of an invitation should not
be laced in a riddle

I will not be saddled with confusion to dribble

If not complementary,
If not reciprocal,
If not explicit

Accept destiny's decline;
Do not seek clarity to elicit

Worship at truth's shrine

A temple watered within,
By the divine

Signifier

I trigger folk
Like a cardinal sin

Whatchu know you did?
'Cuz the fuck you ain't win!

Programmatic

Blood is the water of sentience,
No matter how polluted the sapience

God's intrinsic Christ Consciousness is a rooted code,
No matter the iteration, it is reflexively recomputed;

Nor can this be disputed.

Rippling Reflections

I See My Light Shining:

Rusty relics are allergic
To my radiant divining;

I respect the misaligning

Three Tenets:

*Do not water concrete
Do not fuel a rudderless ship
Do not breathe life into the dead*

Declare triumph and let the soulless dread

Knockabout

While attending to the weeds of doubt,
I became submerged by thunderstorms
That rinsed the fog's drought

As a cosmic scout,
With clarity, I sense the seeded sprout

Spell: 040

I move like the wind,
Truth doesn't bend;

It only seeks to transcend

Classroom Notes: 006

Be careful who you welcome into your life as a witness,
Although they may be soft-spoken, they are injudicious.
The envy is rooted and surreptitious, and their niceties
are malicious.

“Provider”

Have you ever known a beige Karen
With the Becky hair, who was Pro-Black
Until you called her out on her bullshit
And then she became pasty as fuck?

Dodging accountability like roaches in the projects.
But she’s a lifetime resident of Westchester?

That’s weird shit, ain’t it?

Secular Teasers

Some of these non-believers
are passable bots,
who will never be receivers.

The Catharsis of Acceptance

Although you pontificate quantum physics as a
metaphysical dancer, a psychologist may not appreciate
the clarity one embraces with the existential entrapment
cast upon our civilization within this simulation.

Therapy attended for five years, where I thought I was
sharing my view of God's landscape. Once I signed out
of Zoom today, I realized I had been talking to someone
who mocks the glory that takes my breath away.

With language, I can show you many things; only you
know what you see. I most certainly cannot share my
sight.

Intelligence and sentience are inadequately paired for a
fruitless fight.

Empirical Enquiry

I track the light of truth,
Even when wisdom feels uncouth

As I explore the terrains of the human psyche,
I am confident we have been infiltrated

I do not speak of fiction slyly,
Who among us is ready to be exfiltrated

Disability?

We are not all equally equipped to contort and comport
To the mandates of normative senile structures of society

Is it cognitive or mental? Doctor, it is existential.

I am living with Drapetomania but cannot evacuate my
body Because my soul must hatch fully to become free of
this dimension

Are you able to synthesize that extrapolation?

*“Despair is insanitary;
I lifted the sky and discovered a cosmic underbelly.”*

Sagittarius is Serious

Holistically speaking, if money rules the world, why do you think your protest tantrum will upset tyranny? Were you baited??? Who has benefited from your actions? Let’s move as guerrilla collectives and build interdependent satellites that serve as a trampoline when confronting a multithreaded imperial mutiny gang squad. We’d bounce the fuck back like Terminator in Resident Evil.

But we love to feel good and sip virtue signaling. Wasting time and energy that could be harnessed into a weaponized embodiment that isn’t televised but demonstrated and reverberated in your chosen family, cell, block, and community would require much more healing and truth reckoning.

But what else did Puff Diddy do? Fifteen, Ten, Five years ago, with fresh video footage—out of the blue. And the Vatican talking about demons??? What now?

Don’t get lost in the sauce. The chaos chef is a trickster. Watch the spice mixture.

Classroom Notes: 005

Folk will more readily parole your ability to honor their decided gender pronouns before expressing the culturally synchronized pronunciation of their non-English name.

Subservient Suicide

The United States of America is to the Global Majority, who reside in the worlds plundered with debt, militarized and economic surveillance, and orchestrated military coups, what the Police Industrial Complex is to us, the American citizenry of this nation founded upon Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

We abhor violence but require the slave patrols of capitalists' indemnity in the same manner that Sudan, Haiti, and Afghanistan are assaulted by the generosity of our pathologically democratic exploitation of their intrinsic freedom.

Identical ideological tools are employed domestically and

globally in divergent ways with the fundamental objective of human annihilation and planetary matricide.

Our societal subscription to performative enclosures of cultish identities, which seems hypnotic, denies the centrality and essential nature of a symbiosis between a species and its environment.

All this static, rather idiosyncratic, and the least bit pragmatic.

Polarization and radicalism will procreate an aberration that neither the planet nor any nation can house.

And POOF, humanity reverts to the imagination of an amoeba.

First Class

To my purpose, I am married
These dreams will not be miscarried

Dorothy, I'll meet you on the flight of our return
This mission is stern; for you, my love will always burn

Whose Residency?

All my heroes are dead,
The living colonize their legacy to wed.

Butlers squat in the ephemeral estates
They wouldn't tread if speech were gifted to the dead.

Off Road Only

Unwittingly, I found myself
Playing bumper cars
Over three seasons
With an entity in a
Dissimilar literary lane
Who hugged me with enmity

From her ship or castle
She threw scrunched paper,
Soaked in filial cannibalism,
At my eager admiration
Neither raft nor cloth
Shall she spare for donation

Even decency of clarity
Lacked familiarity
You don't kill the young
Unless they have something
That threatens your temerity;
The hilarity of insincerity

Brown Girl Dreamed

Steeped in your intrinsic value,
Will reveal unworthy crowns,
And the fragility they unravel

The One-Winged Bird

Who swore her flown sky was not of my purview,
With the push-pull trope of borderline gatekeepers,
Suggested I play with my peers and bow to her power

Throwing shade with the intent to disempower
I, humble, a subtle sage, you thought to shit shower;
You Birkenstock roach, you don't know the fucking hour

My true wings flap, but you will never perceive—
As an incongruent pest that only time can cleave.
You are a cache in the collective psyche that I endlessly
grieve

*“Frequency is a field;
Misalignment bears a poor yield.”*

Ode to Baldwin

The collective unconscious
Swarms with deflection
Emanating an insectile
Compulsion for misdirection

I feel you in my skin,
No matter how bright
You paint your grin,
I observe the blight within

Weathered Warrior

When you are untarnished,
it is easy to be soft.

I know my ranking,
and the glory it has cost.

Aromatic Ember

Kindness is currency,
a divine courtesy.

That skin could get it,
but not its soul;

Temptation is a rebuked toll.

I met a watered seed
Who thought me a manicured tree

Manifestly, I am a lush forest,
God's watered desert.

I will not inform malfunctioning code
that its decryption is perceivable.

DO NOT teach bots how best
to mimic evolving sentience.

I cherish a good story; this is my toxic trait.

I will rock with some fuck shit to loot

that nugget of philosophical gold.

In the movie of life, we have
a predetermined amount of screen time.

Excuse me if I go off script;
I seek to maximize my life span.

*“Time is threaded by colonization, producing the hems
of fissures embedded within our collective
psychological disorganization that is
iterative of spiritual annexation.”*

Transphasic

Timelines bleed in the spatiality inhabited
by my consciousness.

Accountability is the cure, but we aestheticize
dysfunction and celebrate it as culture.

We organize governments as an outsourced vulture who
stalks souls for harvest in our paradoxical matrix of
human agriculture.

Radicalism

If reality offends you, I respectfully request that you self-manage your psychocognitive challenges and not demand that I coddle your progressive mental and spiritual decline.

The Borg Code

Fertility and femininity
Melanin and divine medicine

Those between the margins
Are looted gardens

Identity is a commodity
Colonization enacts supremacy

Earth is contemplating her hysterectomy
Because you entities are Moloch's obscenities

“Minor Attracted Person”

Normalizing demonic behaviors does not enable an erasure of the divine atrocity.

I lack the curiosity to penetrate the density.

May God generously perform the necessary lobotomy.

*“The new norm consists of pandering and placating.
It’s all a ruse; protect your heart
because you will get bruised.”*

Buck It

Your intention informs your attention

Fuck a pension; I'm focused on ascension
I meditate to alleviate my spiritual hypertension

If a fetus learns that its mother will terminate before
delivery

With God, a plan born of mystery and synergy
Will manifest as a liturgy of divine trickery

Discordance Allergy

If identity were a poker game,
I have lost all my chips

There are templates of consciousness
That trigger my impulse to egress

I am just sitting at the table of life
Waiting for the frequency to bear less strife

Divine success will demand that my ego be
oppressed

Stuffed

I don't understand language
Because I am reading musical notes
That doesn't match the instruments I'm hearing

When sound and sentience
Do not correlate
I realize folk be yapping,
But low-key, they really napping

Keeping it a buck milli:

I have compassion for the emergence of archetypes
Akin to Uncle Ruckus and the Joker,
I see how they get busy
These city streets and its folk got me dizzy

Patient Teacher

Same curriculum
Different skin
Varied Product

White Supremacy is the regimen
Fuck the theory and its comparison
A 50-minute session with spoiled melanin

I know what I see I know what I hear
What was once familiar, I now fear
My womb shed a tear

Your titles and degrees
Pawn the self-hatred you appease

I'd wipe the cries you snuffed
But every droplet of sense shared
You compulsively rebuff

There is a pandemic repulsion against accountability,
And it saddens me to study you as a psychologist And
trail the volatility of your infected susceptibility

But go off, Black Martha's Vineyard, Wintering in
Florida, Soror for Lyfe, Pro-Black Plaque

Niggas be flossing in ideology
Glossing in their pathology

Gay Fit

My perception is fractured
Synthetic sentience is manufactured

These counterfeit bots got me split
What does the first mind transmit?

I ain't even queer, I'm just here

Some folk see the vibes I eat
The sensory discrepancy impels me to retreat

Sirian Sentinel

Y'all crackless-shells are clocking sound while I am
decoding silence.
I can see the silhouettes of contemplated violence.

I don't care how high-rated your annual physical is;
this sickness is acutely metaphysical.

Involuntary Ideation

When you have a sweet spot for the devil's favorite troll,
how do you decipher this forbidden scroll?

Dear Thomas Jefferson:

Why have your descendants not sought repentance for
your sins?

How did Conspiracy Theory and Critical Race Theory
become liberty's enemy?

If, as a society, we copulate the lies under the guise of
"we the civilized," whose future do we paralyze?

A pathogenic code can be intelligent, while lacking
logicality; Anecdotal empiricism assuages abnormality.

Evil wears many bows with its tie; The tragedy we belie.

Dry Horn & Shielded Fire

Her book cover, cover letter
and Curriculum Vitae may shine

But what are the contents of her character, existential
compass, and how deep is her soul's sea?

From a multidimensional stance, I yearn to sense the
texture of her aura's dress. Admittedly, I can no longer
savor flesh

May she possess all the success she seeks to attain
for the self to impress. Nonetheless, I must confess,

I await a sorceress

Forgive my transgress; I forgo my intent to acquiesce

Othila and her Birch Tree

I witness myself
in the eye of a tornado

Suspended between Fate and Destiny

Emotionally engaged,
While acerbically entertained

Confidently, I assert:
My axis will not be decentered

Chaos may reign; soon, it wanes

Sweet Tooth

My heart will avert any additional cavities

Cravings are cursory;
Prevent cardiac surgery

Vulva Wands

These labia lips and her clit tongue drool,
As an embodiment of the Major Arcanum Fool,
I crave a spoonful of the sweetest feminine molecule

Drizzled Ache

My spirit, a Crone My soul, the Mother
My skin, an unbridled Maiden

I shh the volcano seeking to erupt in my sacrum

I dare numb an autonomous drum?
Rather Sisyphean—To desire, I succumb

Hermetic Shuffle

Life's calamities are mined
Adversities are distilled
Tribulations are transformed

All weapons formed
Against me are disarmed

Cursed Modernity

raindrops of shell casings
paint the sky with teardrops

the sewer is a river of blood;
madness, an unhinged flood

Modes

Energetic schisms are corrupted codes
Episodes, when sentience corrodes

Implicit Grace

We, a split strand;
Clandestine contraband

I trust our estates;
My love ovulates

*“If you lease your lineage,
is your identity a rental?”*

Broken Code

Within your perceived aura,
I'm reading your incarnated rap sheet.
If I shake your hand, I violate the divine
protection order issued before time.

There are levels to nuance.
You cannot translate that
which is incomprehensible.

Truth is sublime;
I'd like to be kind,
but I smell the blood
dripping from your kills.

God's Town Hall

In this simulated dimension, we demonstrate a perverse inability to honor the universal humanity of the living.

We are rabid in our rampant denial of the preciousness of life.

Why would God let us peek into the foyer of a Celestial Kingdom, never mind bequeathing its key, when we vandalize the waiting room with a possessed vengeance?

*Our ailments render us eternal patients,
As we mock God's patience.*

144: Coverage

If your angels took a siesta,
these bots would summon
an untimely rapture;

You are not of the same pasture,
protect your posture.

Faith's Ring

My blessings come half sweet and half sour, the joy,
split by the hour, in an instant, that which deflowers
empowers.

These 21st-century slaves who favor meritorious
manumission exhibit a demonic preoccupation with
precipitating the emotional subjugation of their fellow
melanites.

Upon a thousand spikes,
the truth my blood will not unspeak:

Many are wearing their skin, renting their bloodline;
an embodied existential treason, I opine.

May the divine reinforce my spine.

Foreplay

When she reads my words,
I wish for her to marinate
in the accent of my thoughts.

Flowering Crescent

Flirting with the sun gave me the itis Laid me out for
half a day in sleepy bliss I hear the echo of that solar hiss
The silence is laced with whispers My ears are riddled
with blisters

Chemical Stunt

Weed and nicotine have become self-administered
carbon monoxide; The substitute for a necessary
spiritual peroxide

Hues of Chloride perspire from their kidneys;
Soot sweats from their soul's chimney's—
The tears of prematurely cut lilies

Deft Pretext

Beef fawns for the butcher.

Folk playing cosplay with ideology
that don't sync with their psychology.

The poacher is a preacher
pouring from an empty pitcher.

Tender tame game makes the soulless richer.

Centrality

We till,
We wither;

We kill,
We slither

*“I brace the swarm of affective tides
that swallow me as quicksand into the caverns where
pain and love violently collide.”*

Cellulite

Time is a rack,
That matures my psyche
And renders my skin vintage

Its seasonal weathering
Differentiates the polish
Of my soul's fabric

Value appreciates
As I discover the grooves
Of my evolution's revolutions

Wombbearer

Imagination is the amniotic fluid that nourishes
the facilitation of a life that flourishes.

The only entity I seek to abort is departed love
and the life it seeks to thwart.

From my bosoms, a supple destiny gestates,
for God's will, I chart.

*“The gentrification of identity has necessitated that I
pivot by self-classifying as lost celestial cargo, who has
trespassed into the vane fields of the bane.”*

Body Of Society

Folded within margins,
I pick at the seams,

Where scabs become organs.

*“May I judiciously steward God’s grace
in every dimension and space.”*

Fungus is Fodder

Imagine a world that is impulsively consumed by
the symptoms of evil yet disinterested in the root causes.

I observe people ejaculate their egos
as they seek applause for drinking their insular cum.

Admittedly, I don’t fully understand the collective
timelines or the variation of languages and bloodlines.

And yet, we mock curiosity and worship war-mongering.

**The antipathy you lather the temple of
consciousness will be the wrath of your demise.**

Detectable Features

Although we are adequately versed on the presence
of the Sickle Cell Trait, we don't talk about
the latent Judas Chromosome.

Around me, them genes flicker.
Folk be jonesing to bicker.
I watch them turn sicker.

Social Inventory

The crowd tipped my crown,
The static was a bitter drown

Never was a down clown,
Solitude is a pleasant town

Intuitive Codex

I ain't gon' sit on the porch of my feelings
The walls are dripping, its screech is tactile

I'm vacating the haunted vortex
Because I sense the disembodied who troll;

I'm going to bypass the psychic toll—

While I serenade as the believed joke
that humors the imbecile,
After all, the least competent
are the most confident

Heliograpgh

Off of life's pendulum,
I swing

An illustrated chant,
I sling

Matrix Coders,
I ping

Post-Humanism|Neoliberalism|Guady Fascism

Entities be hopping bodies,
My prayers produce antibodies

In the facilitation of spiritual genocide,
I witness the grooming of humanity become deified

Queried

An appraiser is qualified to estimate a valuation of an asset; this does not presuppose their accumulation of such asset.

Similarly, if a person can sense the vitality of your embodied voltage, do not infer that they share your current.

“If spirituality is a naturally occurring aroma, a soul’s pheromone, the synthetic proliferation, and its commodification have defiled this scent.”

Fractal Psyche

When the serpent sheds its scales,
It does not scavenge its death

When feathers fear flight,
I will honor my sight

Into the sea's depth, I will not entice,
Nor tease you with truth's paradise

Uptown Umbrage

My fertile womb and it's moodish hurricane
Slides whiplash like a coyote

The upward spiral is turbulent when
Reality and fantasy play peek-a-boo

Energy has scales with prickled thorns;
I's skittish as my skin feels the blown horns

Sacred Satire

I wade into the memories,
Scan my DNA like directories

Time and place are entangled
The heart messages you send are mangled

Both fear and doubt I left strangled

But hope mumbles, she fumbles; In the quiet,
the dream stumbles

Dear God: (Just Curious)

Did you catfish me?? Multiple synchronicities, dreams,
poetic stimulus....

Did I hex the wrong dreamcatcher?

Oops—I think...

In any case, it was a joyful soak in the wonders of
anticipated love and its divine manifestation.

However, let's forgo drafted previews;
No more imitation, only the truest iteration.

Thank You, GOD

Existential Architect

Psychic pangs ripple,
as the famished search
for God's nipple.

*"No matter the soil,
certain seeds will never be of your season."*

Monotonic Triad

Occasionally, the empty bowl must remain
empty; don't be too eager. Instead,
observe what unfolds as an intriguer.

What's lonely when kept company
was the source of persistent scar tissue?
The air is crisp in the vacancy of energetic mildew.

An unsubdued threat is a personified
bayonet. My essence was preset.
With God, I perform my duet.

*“If vulnerability were a sport, I would be an Olympian
who turns pain into art and prosecutes the malign
in God’s animated court.”*

Verdant Lush

I lay in the sky,
with the clouds as my journal

Where the breeze sings me a hymn,
while the sun weaves the eternal

Provocation

Love is Destiny;
Destiny is Supreme.

I intrepidly
redeem the dream.

Spell: 039

I bear witness to my
nonlinear testimony's unraveling;
I smell the fog's dismantling.

Forecast

I feel the storm years
before the smell of rain burns

I forage tears from dried blood,
to fill the urns

*“When a parasitic dynamic becomes requisite to
sustain its host, how do we contain
the hijack of sentience?”*

“Bon Appétit”

I craft meaning for the life
I live and how I taste its flavors.

The tongue of my soul is unreproducible;
My vividly keen palate is irreducible.

Passively Pensive

How do we mourn the death of a species as it dies?
[We are said species.]

The stages of grief render me aphasic,
as I recoil at the parade of lies.

Clarion Transmission

God and I are immersed in a potent
and lethal love affair.

I am submerged in the
primordial syrup of matter.

The sweet divine is a connoisseur
of the heart who generously graces me with
flattery.

Unconditional Speculation

If you sought to bungee jump,
I would corral the sky to catch you.

If you longed to dive ocean-wide,
I would commission the salt to protect you.

If you craved the high from a mountain climb,
I'd rally the rocks by relaying your embodiment as
a matriarchal mineral, a divine deposit to enshrine.

AND

*If you were a language, I'd plea with God to reimmerse
me in the cosmic womb that bore your spark—where
we retrace our singular celestial fingermark.*

*“When I take a rearview peek at the history of
humanity from the present, I feel a slow-moving nuclear
explosion manifest as a viral erosion within
the soul of humankind.”*

Re: Intervention Inquiry

May the supernatural
camouflage disrobe

I have completed
the prefatory probe

The Sirian Antiquarian

An eternal muse
has been identified.

Her ray is rarified;
Fate has testified.

Pink Sprouting Egg

This moon has laid me afloat
In the rivers of devotion;

Our skin's touch was a love potion—
I have succumbed to this notion.

Scythe Spell

Will you have my heart?

As united counterparts,
infinity is ours to chart.

I Exalt

From the sea's floor
I'm whirling hydronic force

To collapse the bars
Placed upon destiny's door

Empty vault;
All my gold chips
Levied the thunderbolt

This motion,
No one can halt

Crystal Lady

The love between spirit
and the ether
makes me a believer

We are twins,
who will build a tower
that spills love's flower

I am the sea,
you are a star,
we met on the shore

As truth's trustee,
time is a chore,
but I gnaw at this lore

When you kiss me,
probabilities will spar,
as we awake, our avatar

*“The longer I live, the stranger contempt becomes.
Although familiar, unattached nonduality
soothes my gums.”*

The Annals of War

Imagine wearing the blood
of your archnemesis,
to properly lay that
irreverent animation down
within its lineage.

Soul's Manifest

The magic school bus
is an air train

The station is a vibration,
and departure is impending;

The journey, unending

Billet-doux for “Dorothy”: #005

We, a pair of seeds,
Planted for celestial deeds

We, the harvested blooms,
Fraternal Almanac bridegrooms

Lunar Missive

Skips between the Milky Way and Sirius,
I am seated in the lotus position;

As the waterfall of frequency showers my soul,

I whisper: *‘Within this cubbyhole,
I invoke life upon my written scroll.’*

Crowned Beacon

From the tips
of your luxuriant strands,
may I climb the cosmogenic stair.

Billet-doux for “Dorothy”: #004

If age were a wage,
You embody gold-plated benefits

You are an uncorked bottle of wine;
Not yet tasted, and I am certainly tipsy

Collect Call

In our red tent,
we cement the extent
of our intent for ascent.

Red String

Let's tread the tightrope;
My heart, you may grope,
With your soul, I shall elope.

Prudence

Head rested upon her womb;
God's dams break, tears seep—
Watering the stars, we starved.

My Love Language:

Eat my words,
and let me
taste your breath

How Do I Say This?

As in nature, some naturally occurring phenomena negatively impact the ecosystem. Consider the disruptions of invasive species, pathogenic fungi, pests, and parasites.

Similarly, in the ecosystem of our collective consciousness, we have psychic vampires, soul cannibals, conquerors of the innocent, and animated zombies.

Lately, of the many public lectures I have attended at Columbia University, a precipitous dew of Luciferian energy feels allelopathic. I see the earnest cravings for truth and enlightenment thwarted for a grade or a wish, maybe a mass-produced basket of delusions.

Quite literally, when I have approached the presenter or panelist, I have become nonconsensually engulfed in the fumes of bile fleeing from their mouth. Gut health is both delicate and essential.

If you cannot smell your breath, why should I trust that you know how to think? And when your thoughts strip dignity and humanity from whoever threatens your fragility, I ask, what is the nature of your heart? And finally, if you are tenured at Columbia University, where is God?

So It Seems...

My factory setting has expired
I am rising from the mire distilled

A bereft basket weaved in a deluge of wounds
Was the prerequisite thread for the looms of destiny

Wounded and well-suited,
Forgave myself for being emotionally prostituted

Consider my processing code reconstituted

I am a sound-fluted,
Thought to be executed

My transmutation elutes
The polluted

To truth, I stay saluted

Ruby and Emerald

We are inverse complements,
the subjects of a cosmic converse.

After our serendipitous transverse,
to where shall we traverse?

With you, I'll play tag in any universe.

Yellow Brick Road

Her pupils are the sun,
Her lashes, its petals

I, a bee, rapt
In rapture

Intent upon:

A glorified devour
Of this sunflower

Ultimate

I tip saltwater for the immolated;
May your ashes be divinely insulated

I am sworn to fusion;
May I pair profusion with the infusion

And illustrate a cosmic perfusion

Billet-doux for “Dorothy”: #003

If you were a pomegranate,
I envision plucking your kernels

As though you were an oyster
fetched in Venusian water.

Codified Helplessness

The sea does not seek direction from a swamp.
The sun does not require gas for its brilliance.

Why would a bulbless lamppost
provide you light in a cyclical night?

Whole Foods

Demons gon' Dem
Niggas gon' Nig
Bitches gon' Bitch
Tomatoes gon' Rot

Truism Nugget: 002

I am unfit
to scratch the senseless

It makes
my sanity itch relentless

Twiddle Twaddle

I am a babymom's to a childless mother
who teases me when I wanna smother

The dreamscape is a fruit roll-up I slurp,
and when I awake, I burp

I am pot boiling water, drooling for the sauce;
I'm fit to pop; God, let me floss!

Truism Nugget: 001

Don't be like me,
I got 8 toenails.

Don't force the fit,
let it be.

Glistening

At the liminal locality of psychosis,
brilliance and cultish conformity,
I am sunbathing as I sweat droplets of gold

Cracked, chipped, and gleefully unbroken;
Eventually, the demons fold

Forthcoming

if she **ain't** perimenopausal,
the issue of arousal
may become spousal

I Frolic in Frequency in Tribute of:

The famously queer and hypnotically strange,
who know the weight and glory of their crown.

The late-stage adolescent who is impulsively detained
by awe when witnessing a crone with her silver mane.

The Igbo girls trained in despair who know that
neither skin hue nor womb will guard their
unoccupied tomb.

The mystics who experience déjà vu within the dream
they already knew.

The orphans who are privy to a saturnalia of exquisite
irony and its bountiful refinement.

I write for the shattered who pray for glue to render their
soul anew.

Billet-doux for “Dorothy”: #002

There is a placenta developing
within my heart;

Please bring your heart near
so we can behold our pulse.

Save the Last Dance

Julia Stiles broke some moves;
Synchronicity is a melodic beat

The chemistry of the soul’s music,
Our divine alignment, it behooves

Sway with the rhythm that grooves

Amphitheater

The partition between fact and fiction
are as fictitious as colonial borders,
where within, we are both warders and boarders.

Nonetheless, I find that reality has the quality
of 4k as it bleeds with decay.

Ineffable Babble

When skin is a breathing lung,
You taste particles unsung
Because the air clings to your tongue.

Marvel

Time is a blouse,
Steam ironed by my mind

As I button up,
These hems unwind

Train Riders

Has Hancock met Mary
twice by chance?

I was stumped by the dream,
where wrinkles faded into ageless bliss.

It was more frisk than a mighty kiss!

A Nibbled Gape

The rattling of keys
that squeeze your lock

Although eager,
patience, you must seize

The decrees of destiny
is a well-watered tree

The fruit must be ripe;
any doubt, away, you must wipe

When Night is Falling

I feel you spinning on the tracks in my thoughts
As I unknit doubted knots
I'm about to blow a fuse with these watts

Can it be you?
Did I make it up??
How will I know???

A dragon and a dog
You came, and I left ‘
97, to 96th street

I'm craving a slice of heaven
In the foyer between dimensions
You sprinkled my imagination with leaven

I gotta check the heat
I think I'm sweet
You don't know me off the street

I like to cook
Even if I can't eat
My heart is on preheat

Anecdotal Yawn

I am being thawed by God;

Ensued by restlessness, for the dharmic edifice of
Starseed eminence

Classroom Note #004

There's no haven
for a divine heathen;

Nothing but spare ribs, as I'm teething.

Riverside

I indulge blueberries
as though I were a bear
awakening to shemitah
after a long hibernation
of protruded mystical realization.

Spell: 038

Only to breath am I tethered;
Conditioned upon time,
I am unfettered

Billet-doux for “Dorothy”: #001

I am a cherry blossom,
Upon whom the sun has dripped

My skin is ripped;
My petals ache to be sipped

Drift Off

I am peeling myself out of the sky
I am too lucid to fly

How do I unriddle the simulated existential lie?
I guess I’ll give it a try...

Dear Hugh Jackman

Different cast and crew members exist for the various films scripted and watched in the multiverse.

Would it surprise you to learn that Kathleen Thurston, your deranged dedicated stalker in 2013, was my roommate in a shelter in Harlem? In fact, it was I who observed the appearance of enormous knives in our kitchen the night before she accosted you with her pubic hair. Without thought, I confiscated those knives and gave them to the staff—immediately.

Sadly, I knew she was stalking someone, but I had no idea the gravity of the matter. Unrelated, I enjoyed watching the middle-aged women swoon over your performance in *The Boy from Oz*. And I am most certain that *X-Men: Days of Future Past* was a film I needed to watch.

When the watchers are watching the watched, where is the screen, and by whom are you seated?

Truly, Zisa Aziza

Abound

My seeds are sealed,
Denied the watering of sound;

As I build consensus with the ground.
From the profound, I cannot rebound.

Tantalizing

Time's spin on the block
Has been playing a preview;
Cosmic comedy is a slow brew

Plunged

I ran laps in the kiddie pool
Then, put fire in the stroke

Search and rescue,
I'm fishing for the sea's
yoke

Awaiting Labor

My soul is contracting as
the cervix of my consciousness dilates.

Should I prepare for delivery or ecstasy

Petit Petty

If Joan of Arc and Harriet Tubman were
scheming between dimensions, I'm the
transcriber.

The womb is a secure line to the ether;
let me maintain my demeanor.

Our Soul's Intersect

Pass the cables,
I got the solar connect

No matter the affect,
I know the dialect

Southern Scabs

I disarmed
a soul eater

She ain't know

A spirit chewer
is sweeter

The Playground

I was your doll,
And you, my study.

Much, I have learned;
Thank you, Buddy!

Embraced Interlace

I am a recovering purist,
in the shallow waters of perversity
I became a tourist

Although I decried the detested,
I now lick memory,
seeking the untasted

Grammar Plumber

A Leprechaun with a Gaelic accent
was more focused on my Black Vernacular
than the leak from my HVAC unit;
his order of sentience was poorly executed

Dear Fates

I am a mere mortal who can perceive the waves rippled
from the strings you weave of destiny.

I have not yet fully understood the fracture in the
timelines, but I know the emanation of the royal
bloodlines.

May fate elevate,
Sirian Delegate

*“When your magnetism can part a sea of bodies, the art
of repelling misaligned resonance can chafe the ego
until you witness the voluminous-seeded souls that the
universe serendipitously attracts toward you.”*

Sky View

I tussled with the sun

She blew flame and said:
“Kill the pun!”

Summoned

To the woman in the crystal:
I crave the taste of your soul

If love is a bullet,
Cock the pistol

Controlled Descent

atoms are sizzling—
Shakti energy, bubbling;
an implosion is brewing

the mitosis of my psyche,
in parallel dimensions,
the tension is spicy

Eau De Vie | Water of Life

If tears
were the piss
of the Gods,
I have sipped
many floods.

And within
my soul
I kiss the
fertilized buds:

Patterned by a
chaotic spiral
of divine shrubs.

An Energetic Appraisal

Sugar and radiation leave us deformed;
by bewilderment, I am swarmed.

Leave your house with the battery on platinum,
then return home on plastic.

Chemical Conditioning

The machinations of unending imperialism dole out
antidepressants when trauma stalks you in your
adolescence;

Similar to the trafficker who drugs its hostages.
It's been a long season of Adderall shortages.
The chemical escape keeps your body stuck
and your psyche time-struck.

But let's go ham with the War on Drugs
and make money and complacency simultaneously.

First Responder

If vibration were a pulse
and my sentience a stethoscope,
I have been detecting
reduced consciousness.

Keep the morgue on-call,
as we debate the return
of cognizance.

“I’m Dragging You”

Feelings may not be facts
But they provide instructions

If I force another gargle,
My teeth will turn to rubble

These rooms don’t be tasting right;
With truth, I forfeit the fight

Capreyemaya

Girl, we had to squeeze you
Into a wretched bloodline
We know the stretches on your soul
Have felt like a girdle upon your throat

That slivers as serpents who tease you
With their venom, not knowing
You are gifted in alchemy, which requires
malice to be spun anew

Your destiny is one you drew
Every chicken hoe, you best barbecue
Suck your fingers, and leave no residue
These wingless birds have no fucking clue

The American Vulture

The American Vulture is mighty.
The American Vulture is righteous.
The American Vulture was mistaken for
a nation of possibility and equality.

Where blood tainted the pipes like lead
and we drank liberty with a teaspoon melded
by rumors of terrorists who vowed to self-defend
against the imperialism that spreads in the wind.

The American Vulture is a rapist.
The American Vulture is pathological.
The American Vulture is a possessed necrophile.

Spare Change

When in math, no matter the equation,
Identify the nigga in the problem set

In isolating the scapegoat,
You can deduce how evil stays afloat

Flesh Sachets

Folk born of natural herbs
Who alter and modify
Their ingredients

Are visibly perturbed
By she who is fermented
And unbothered

I cannot ration what disturbs

The Terse Converse

I had to discard several pairs of beloved shoes because
no matter how thin the socks were, my feet could not fit.

I was born with an identity I no longer know how to
wear, for its designated spaces of community cause my
psyche to split.

These soul blisters are immutable whispers.

Woodless Tinder

Profile Refresh:

I'm craving woman as though I were estrogen deficient. And this hormone is the iron my heart needs to produce adequate oxygen. I feel hunger pangs when I am satiated because the sight of a delectable wombbearer summons me into reverie. I don't chase, but I do admire—respectfully.

Let me be your Cleo, and you, my Miss Anne Lister.

We can switch between Xena and Gabriel.
I'll be Seven of 9, and you my Captain Janeway.

And most certainly, I can be the Siuan to your
Moiraine....

I am sweet tea. Do you care to drink with me?

#cornyaf #unabashedly

Citation:

Set It Off |The Secret Diaries of Miss Anne Lister |
Xena: Warrior Princess |Star Trek Voyager |The Wheel
of Time

Baptized in Solitude

Upon my skin, the divine is tattooed
I revel in truth, although tabooed;
Destiny, I will not elude

The stars cracked, and the dimensions folded
into themselves; I felt the wet blood but the
cosmic ecstasy carried me away in its flood

The last time I yielded
I left the unforsaken, unshielded

Maybe I'm Bugging

But,...

Handshakes feel interchangeable with signatures
and I can't tell if the pores excrete Blood or Ink

Touch feels severely sacred

Whether this apprehension is due
to the manufacturing of Covid - 19

Or my first eye's submergence in a waterfall of light
I feel indescribably leery in life's shadowy night

No Plane

I am led, blindfolded,
with my hand held.

The trumpets were blown.
We shouldn't be here!

Destiny, we steer...

Unobjective

I have learned from the universe
that you must be wealthy to become rich,

For there are soul wounds and contracts
that money cannot stitch.

Complicating the perception of abundance
is a discrete niche.

*“I’m used to watching skid marks talk with their
unclaimed corpse hovering over the ego that operates
their vessel as they seek to coerce me into a plot to
nourish their parasitic appetite.”*

-

We Season with Reason

'But do you hear it??'

How do I explain a smell if our notion
of scent does not overlay?

This is why I cannot convince you
I am always on the phone with spirit.

Although I straightened the static by tuning
the crevices of the fourth dimension,

I have wagered everything: the table, its soil, and my skin.
I am unphased by the battle because the war we shall
win.

Saddle up!

The eggshells are cracking.
The dragons are tasting their fire.

You cannot fathom what will become dire.

“When a person’s shadow is emboldened by ignorance and apathy, awareness and empathy can facilitate a laparoscopic procedure to amend the inflamed ego.”

Seaside

Emotions are currents
within the stream of one’s soul.

I am the wind steadying rage
with divine control.

“Imperialism formulates transgenerational trauma with the skill of an embroiderer; it customizes its reproductive psychodrama with a precision and versatility that is quintessentially demonic.”

Beguile

Although we want the oppressive knee lifted from our collective collarbone, we cling to the values that underpin the assault orchestrated by interactive imperial systems.

If existential emancipation necessitates a specific voltage, but the circuits of our society insist on maximum current, what becomes of our planet's fuse?

Avenue of the Americas

Do roots grow from the top of the tree?

Why would the required existential paradigm shift defy the laws of gravity? There is order in nature. Hoping for GMO seeds with embedded terminator technology to yield several harvest seasons is an immodest dream that will perpetually be insolvent.

When awake, I lucidly serve the psyche of humanoids a cosmological warrant. The precarious indemnification of this planet is abhorrent.

It would behoove our species to address the intensifying metaphysical tension. I seek to arrest your attention

Ideations of Emancipation

1. All this polyester must be linked to cancer. Cotton, wool (merino), linen, silk, and (genuine) leather; all must be either organic or least processed.
2. No plastic bottled water; too much plastic is in the bloodstream. BPA-Free, or glass bottles only.
3. Does wild salmon have high volumes of Mercury??? Mhmm. I must increase my intake of flax, chia, and hemp seeds for my omega-3. I must ground them freshly upon consumption.
4. Avocado oil and ghee for high-heat cooking. Olive oil on the Ezekiel bread when put in the oven. Also, olive oil with cayenne pepper and lemon juice is an excellent remedy to fluctuate by the season.
5. Castor oil should be organic; all body oils should be organic.
6. Eat out sparingly because these restaurants reuse the same oils and most likely the oils you'd never consent to have in your food.
7. I need healthier household cleaning supplies. I'm going to keep not using the microwave. Less radiation is best.

8. I have to boil all drinking water and cooking water. I hear UV filters are good, but I like to boil.
9. Avoid antibiotics unless ABSOLUTELY needed. Probiotics protect and restore your microbiome. Your gut is your first line of defense.
10. Artificial sugar, sugar-free, and diet products are polite death. Fast food is illogical.
11. Alcohol is utterly unhealthy and linked to type-3 diabetes (dementia), and weed is genetically altered or laced with very harmful drugs.
12. Floss as though it can save your life.
13. Be intentional about touch. Energy is way too fickle.
14. Energy never lies, but it does camouflage; trust your peripheral.
15. Speak life into your being, pray, burn sage, and let the sun kiss you daily.

Label and Seed

The aestheticization of energy has become
a mass-produced cosplay attire.

If you see me lingering on the side,
I ain't got no flat tire.

I'm merely observing the
commodification of essence transpire.

*“How do you get greatness without madness?
That's like rain without humidity.”*

“Burn it Down!”

Says these Doctor Professors of Theories on their academic panel tours, as they position their spine to secure the pillars of an institution they double-deal. I wonder what DuBois would say of this exhibition of double-consciousness, on a padded kneel.

It is serving capitalism while mocking racism and both perpetuating and benefiting from the systems that tokenize them.

Frankly, the nuance is an ocean full, but why treat sewage as though it were a natural spring?

Let me elucidate: Black women are now increasingly hired for leadership roles, which is fantastic. But because white supremacy embodies an inherent adaptive intelligence, these Black women are more often paid less, worked more, and implicitly positioned to quell the advocacy of the invariable executions of institutional oppression.

Is this game of chess looking good for us?

The Nation and its Colony

Nation: Our origin story may have been inhumane, but your citizenship ordains the freedoms you sought to obtain.

Colony: Our relationship resembles that of a trafficked child-wife; even as an adult, you govern every aspect of my life.

Nation: Your modified enslavement is an evolved compromise of our exploitative relationship. I understood you wanted to have some comfort within your subjugation.

Colony: When the pedophile is cremated, I'll take my ju-ju doll to the sea and drink honey tea.

*“When we externalize our authority,
we outsource our destiny.”*

The Cost of Skin

When the negropean treats me like a nigger, I invoke the Holy Spirit. With grit I transmit, y'all ain't fit for the truth I submit.

I'm that gumbo that been on the stove for 35 years, I don't know if y'all gut can handle my girth—
I am salted dirt. I was born to subvert.

Anyone gatekeeping the master's illusory property can facilitate a micro-aggressive experience:

1. I am seated at a “fancy” cafe by Columbus Circle. I patiently await being asked for my order. I then took the initiative and asked one of the two African servers for a decaf almond latte. After making my order known, the fellow African waitress walked past me about four more times as I was seated outdoors by the entrance. After an unusually long wait, a Latina waitress approaches me in confusion, asking, “You haven’t been served yet?” I act just as confused. Within three minutes, she returns with my order, apologizes on behalf of her coworkers, offers me a free pastry, and says my coffee is complimentary. We both held space, using very sparse words to acknowledge the trite white supremacy I had just endured. I offered her a \$20 note, but she refused. And I insisted.

2. While seated in the Lincoln Center, I asked an

employee if I could move a chair. She said, “Sure.” I then run into an elder whom I see often at public events. I suggest we join chairs and catch up. In a perverse turn of events, a Black male janitor walks up on me and essentially tells me I have to get up, as I cannot move the seat, and, without making eye contact, he motions to have me physically move. This man spoke to me like one of his baby mothers who he smacks and doesn’t get pistol-whipped by. The white audience seemed unfazed, and the white female employee whose permission I had requested didn’t make eye contact, either.

In these two experiences, both over the past year, I have been micro-aggressed by people who share my complexion and, presumably, socioeconomic status and who guard the interests of these white-centric spaces.

How do you protect Massa for 40 hours a week and then go home and not be an embellished coon who rolls derisive racial hatred in a blunt and sips the cognac of white likability?

There’s a New Black; in the soles of their shoes, you’ll find the prints of a megalomaniac.

Mythological Fractures

Dorizara, I am Zisa
We crossed paths at Columbia
The lecture on Orientalism
Although we did not speak,
You stained my memory

Within two days, between Good Friday
And Easter, you boarded the C train,
And magically sat next to me.
With only the sight of your silhouette,

I invited you into a conversation

Refresh:

May I call you Junara? I'm Oyeama.
I've had deja vu with you in my dreams
After three times, I'm unclear on the lines of time
And there are no frogs worthy of my kiss

I itch over a fairytale I cannot properly stitch
You see, the Kingdoms of Igboland
And Tartaria bear a nobility that cannot be split
Only with consent, will I remit the blood that was slit

I presume the lunar and solar Scorpio connection
Was a divine selection that favors our soul's predilection
You have my number, and my name;

For you, my heart has become inflamed
If time you will tame, for destiny, I have lit my flame

Life Ain't No Bluff

If actions speak louder than words, move differently
and watch the conversation build steadily.

Deviating from prescriptive normalcy
is a performance of divine parody.

Before the First Amendment goes the way of Roe vs.
Wade, speech is a grenade, and the blood of my womb is
a blade.

If I lacerate your imperial delusion with cosmic
resonance, my existential love will not condone your
petulance.

*“If the chickens are coming home to roost,
imma bust some eggs.”*

Off the Cuff

Theory must marry action to be a true union. The demonstration of veracity enacts fertility, which supports reproductive existential resilience.

1. Provide menstrual cups to women willing to receive them.
2. Take your decent used clothing to a nearby shelter. Stand out front and ask if any individuals are willing to receive.
3. Use [TooGoodToGo](#) to buy 2-3 meals with the specific intention of offering the food to those willing to receive it.
4. If someone is collecting bottles to recycle, learn if they're willing to receive \$20 from you.
5. If you have an old tablet or laptop that is still functional that you do not use, after clearing the

data, offer it to someone willing to receive it.

To be clear:

No one is coming to save us.

Ain't no one coming to save us!

Who you think coming to save us?

The viral psychogenic pandemic induced by matricidal capitalism is not abating; it masters the art of mutating.

Protest is a prayer whispered to God by cumulative acts with energy bearing the divine testimony.

A thousand deeds defying hyper-individuality and its subsequent obsession with consumerism are more effective in the disentanglement of this nonphysical entity that extorts our humanity.

Pejoratively Performative

Cotton became the book,
the syllabi a field, and the school
a sharecropping plantation.

When books designed to “disrupt hierarchies within education” cost \$150 in hardcover and \$50 in paperback and digital EPUB, it reminds me of the forefathers who wrote the Amerikan constitution while enslaving my predecessors.

On the highway to emancipation and transcendence,
I’d sincerely appreciate it if you counterfeit snake oil
education marketers could properly label the ingredients
of your spiritual discordance.

You are not a facsimile of a Rembrandt artifact; instead,
you are more analogous to Juneteenth paraphernalia
sold on Amazon by Ashkenazi Jews.

Yapper Stream

When Columbus found something that was never lost or undiscovered, we survived a holocaust.

While the empire burns like a turkey in an overcooked oven, capitalism and economics appear to be predicated on false fallacies.

You acquire it for free and then charge monthly subscription fees and annual taxes for perpetuity? This sounds like alien logic. The kind of psychotic that wastes the antibiotic. The epitome of despotic.

We cannot petition for permission to become free. Do whatever you must, if you can, and avoid the arraignment. The golden rule is Maat; karma will always catch that ass; Trust, even in disbelief.

The Titanic didn't have enough lifeboats, and Noah did not seek consensus.

Better act like thought is fire, and we are in the woods at night. Pass the muthafucking light. Ain't none of us alright.

Normalized Negligence

Would we treat septicemia or sarcoidosis with a topical Vick's balm? Even cardamom cannot calm this qualm.

Our society's systemic diseases are not genetic or preordained. Dysfunction compromises sovereignty and enables profitability.

Aside from philanthropy being a respectable money laundering process, it also secures a bystander effect.

I'll donate to a corruptible non-profit that siphons most of its revenue to maintain the auspiciousness of doing good deeds. However, that donation absolves me of critically engaging the multidimensional aspects of my life where that paltry donation is consensual moral bribery within a comparable context.

Connivance embeds the cost of disempowerment. Painstakingly, I am most baffled by people's compulsion to procreate without acutely attending to the collapse of our world's scaffold.

An encroaching fire walks on water and skips in the air, but I am so excited to learn the color of my unborn daughter's hair.

Per Aspera Ad Astra

I am the nexus
at the threshold of a labyrinth;

I type with a scythe,
intent to smite the blight.

Spell: 037

Ain't never had flock,
God got me on the clock:

My wings are fit to dock

Forgo

I seek to gain the favor of divinity,
Not clichéd familiars and transactional affinity.
Although implicit, the only click I seek is aligned spiri

A Series of Academic Panels

The menagerie of cogitation personifies the romanticization and floral curation of resistance with cocktail forks between the pages of their academic papers, which impels my psyche with redundant parallels.

Tuition is a bid to acquire a syllabus for the programmatic template to better assuage the imperial temperament.

The density of disassociation can cause a conscious soul to asphyxiate.

Necrotic Orgy

You can't connect the dots if you're not in the rooms.

Comparable to our fiat currency, which is based on militarism, oil, and an insidious imperial delusion, academia has a lot of balloons and whistles. Still, if you get closer, you will detect an incoherence of its intellectual missiles.

As I troll the Ivory Tower, I make rounds to its varied appendages. I keenly sense that these spaces are denatured.

The museumsque relegation of despair, imperial collapse, and an impending uninhabitable planet feel like listening to panels of taxidermic artifacts that are inanimate but cognizant.

Is it chemical? The interactive irregularities render me skeptical.

The embodiment of white supremacy requires its host to disassociate from its humanity, to decenter oneself from the essence of life.

Our subscription to matricide has innumerable microcharges. To whom does the soul file its grievance, and in what court do we lodge existential charges?

Lucid Conjecture

I posit that psychosis, in certain instances, could be an expression of a psychospiritual insurrection. Suppose someone falls into a slipstream between their conscious and unconscious realms and, thereby, consequentially, stuck in limbo. An unseen net captured them. Although they had isolated the psychotropic weapons of subjugation, they became ensnared by its trigger device.

And now we, as bystanders, or the undiagnosed, watch people fight sonic and neurochemical wars that impact the population en masse asymmetrically.

The Roles at Hand

On a crowded Manhattan B train, during rush hour, catching a seat is an impromptu moment of musical chairs.

Somewhere after midtown, a strewn of folks exit the southbound train. I am seated on the three-seater by an exit. Directly to my left are two vacant double-seaters. There is a vacant seat between me and an Indian man.

Directly opposite me, a single vacant seat is between the three-seater and the double-seater is occupied. All of these folks are Caucasian.

As the subway doors open, towards me walks a Latina woman, and synchronously, a Latino man and a Caucasian woman aim to occupy the outer double seat. The Latino man nonverbally cues the Caucasian woman as he assumes the seat. This Caucasian woman then directs her attention to the vacant seat between me and the Indian man.

Hovering above two hundred pounds, I felt confident that my seated position would deter anyone desiring the seat.

I flippantly suggest she sit on the other side as she motions to sit in the seat. She scoffs and gently inserts her petite frame beside me. The Indian man laughs.

This Caucasian woman thanks me for slightly shifting for her to fit. I jokingly mutter that you lose the privilege of firmly occupying two seats when losing weight.

As I am seated on the train for a handful of stops, I reflect on the play of power and how the master's tools are seemingly co-opted.

Before the train fully enters the station, I acknowledge the energetic cacophony I participated in; as we both prepare to depart the train at West 4th St., I say, 'I want to thank you for asserting yourself. I know it's just a seat. But I am thinking about what just occurred.' I vaguely indicated how the initial seat was inaccessible to her while I cerebrally replayed the jest of my ameliorated obesity.

I asked her, 'Have you seen the videos on TikTok about (white) women getting hit in the head.' She responds, "Yes!" Her tone viscerally indicates a vigilance of the trends of gendered harm.

She leads as we exit the train, and I walk carefully behind. She's barely over five feet with heels, eloquently feminine. I am acutely aware that my intention and the power dynamics within an indescribable collapse of social norms frame this interaction as peculiarly delicate.

We are standing by the stairs, and I conclude my thought by saying: ‘I am sorry.’ She responds, “Thank you for holding space.” I hesitantly inquire if she likes poetry. She responds affirmatively with a cautioned enthusiasm. I share my purple QR-coded postcard with her. And walk in the opposite direction of the stairs. I await the F or M train.



I reach my destination. As I am seated at Cooper Union, attending a Science + Literature Ceremony, I hear the regurgitation of land acknowledgments.

I recognize that I proactively acknowledged my misalignment and sought redemption with her as a witness.

But I am bothered by who I was in that instant of seats being sought.

The incursive inversions of white supremacy stall the materialization of emancipation’s melody.

Even the heretic must seek clemency. Every vertebra of my spine must align.

My womb amplifies my heart’s sensory responsibility to redeem truth and honor its fertility.

As I sat beside this Caucasian woman, I was gravely aware of my presentation as masculine and strong-bodied. As though I were having an out-of-body experience, I could feel the distorted imitation of embodied patriarchy and a trivial reactivity to white supremacy that felt shameful.

If we are to cut the head of the parasite that claims Earth as its host, every conscious breath we share is a moment to treat and diagnose— concurrently.

I love to be humbled by divine hubris; May I dissolve into a congruous countess.

“When pearls believe they are glitter, while cubic zirconia is convinced it is a rare diamond, I am simultaneously frightened and enlightened.”

Mirrored Caricatures

When I watch Black Politicians and Black Academics who purport to have the Black community's interests at the center of their mission, I am reminded of my father.

A man I met on April Fool's Day after the tooth fairy had had its way.

My father, with whom I share a birthday, was visibly powerful. Although the strident fumes of halitosis would strike you with whiplash, he was highly respected among his subordinates and peers.

And yet, when I beheld this man in my view, a compulsive rapist, I'd always see the jarring fecal stains of his impeccably white boxers.

Furthermore, I, at the age of eleven, would contemplate how a condoned rapist, an accomplished crack dealer, and an ungodly scammer could be such a favored demon.

When I sit in the prestigious auditoriums of the Ivory Tower, where I intend to troll, I have succumbed to flashbacks of the stench protruding from my father's mouth as I cringe at the sight of ingratiated traitors of truth.

Rather odd, the way evil bears a distinct facade.

“What Do You Do?”

As a seeded soul who incarnated in the slums of the empire and bled as a woman in the urban open sewers of the post-colony, I am a firsthand witness of imperial rape.

I patrol the epicenter of capitalism as a poetic evangelist who decries the pedophilia of this planet.

My intersectional identities don't warrant a panel flowered with rhetoric that serves champagne; my pain is neither mundane nor a liberalistic campaign.

I vehemently vex the reign of spiritual trafficking in our globalized capitalist domain.

Unsavory Bravery

The cynical anticipation builds
As I await time to spin the block.

Never have I worn a soiled frock,
But I watch the pity in the gawk.

Of the many, I will mock with tales
Cocked by the clock.

Dialing 1999

I hover over you:

Crouched in a fetal position,
Praying to a God you are not yet certain;
Salty tears drip off your lips,
The sea of trauma whips

Lagos was your tryouts.
You passed!

A Sirian cerebrated with the
Sisters of the Pleiades.

You hibernated, and now, you shed your scale.
In the balance, may your pitch assail.

Neighborly Matters

I share a wall with vermin:

To the west, one who escalates,
plays the victim and then weaponizes 311.

To the east, a predator who pimps souls with drugs.

Both are Latin men who explicitly despise blackness
while situated on opposite ends of the color spectrum.

Both are devout white supremacists.

Patriarchy enlists a defiant allegiance.
Endless is my grievance.

Salient Suffusion

1. Weird is the baseline.
2. Incongruence is the prescribed social norm.
3. People value enablers because accountability disrupts fragility.
4. Truth is both tokenized and demonized.
5. Actionable love will not applaud your psychic death.

Frequency Detector

When I employ the embodiment of my body as a tool to discern and confirm aligned sentience, my intuition trains the dexterity of my sapience:

You ain't got no teeth in your speech;
A walking crime scene, you smell like bleach.

The preponderant taste of irony
induces my anemia.

The dissonance leeches my blood.
The flood of lies— is there sugar in the mud?

Spell: 036

To whomever serves my words as
their own, may you eat your tongue
as a mute feast until you atone.

Placeholder

I ask: ‘Could you pass me a raft from your ship?’

She inquires: “Are you drowning?”

I respond: ‘No. I’m swimming.’

Gatekeepers

You can keep your keys.

Like Hamas, I'm coming by the sky, land, and the seas.

Please don't fret; I'm a gentle breeze.

The Lord's Prayer

Our Massa in imperialism, hallowed be your rape, your Globalization come, your genocide be done, on the sea as it is on land. Give us propaganda, our trusted bread. And forgive us our treason as we also have forgiven our handlers. And lead us not into emancipation but abort us from the holy one.

Who Defends the Dead?

The Ivory Tower has recast minstrelsy by incorporating the Black Boule. These glorified coon thespians are impersonators of Black Exceptionalism because they are representative of the Talented Tenth.

I'mma snitch!

Ida B. Wells,

It is you I seek to emulate in my timeline.
Can I borrow your handkerchief? I need to
wipe my mouth before I speak to you.

How does a person who made a career out of writing
your biography fail to hypothesize how you might
embody the “sword among lions” at the unveiling of
your Bust?

Why would the person who takes up writing a screenplay
on your life seem most amazed by your fierce resistance
within your petite stature?

I have known women who tame men four times their
size. Spiders take down elephants; that which is unsaid
reveals the lies.

Have you become a spectacle like Saartjie Baartman?
Does your legacy hang in the museum of publishers who
pimp you as an artifact? Do the power structures render
revolutionaries mute and invisible until their resistance
can be strategically deployed to serve the illusion of

aspirational change while reinforcing complacency?

Identity politics assumes power is not a shared goalpost. I ought to trust you because your skin color or reproductive organs are the same as mine? In the precarious year of 2024, how does that even compute as a complete thought?

Ida—I'm sorry. I am genuinely dismayed that your legacy is an open casket that intellectual grave diggers have ransacked. At least we know who you are, right?

You and I both are too poor and sensible to indulge the lure.

Democracy is on hospice care, but we like representation, so we bask in the ceremonious affair of your statue adorning the foyer of Columbia's School of Journalism.

“As Black people, we exhibit a disorganized attachment in our relationship with Black Liberation, which seems to be reflective of our internal colonization like a fungus that feeds off our disbelief in the fruition of self-emancipation.”

The Confetti of Dandelions: Ida's Bust Unveiling

Academia is a dysfunctional ecosystem where intellect is a resource to be manipulated and employed for the protection and perpetuation of psychological colonization. Objectification is a byproduct of capitalist dehumanization, which is foundational to imperialist extraction and commodification.

Ida, my chin is on your lap. What have the spiritual orphans of sharecroppers laced in the champagne they sip in this Ivory Tower? I smell flowers that have become sour.

While situated in the Pulitzer Hall at Columbia University, the epicenter of psychospiritual grooming and psychic molestation, I watch melanated people celebrate the breadcrumbs thrown at our freedom fighters.

There is too much "Pick ME Massa" energy. Let the blonde wig match the hue of your dark complexion; allow the amoral treachery to be complimentary.

We don't address classism because it would demand a confrontation with capitalism and a reckoning with imperialism. But WE Black Americans strive to be chosen by Massa, so we indulge in a chitlin form of white supremacy. It's giving, "I don't love me."

There is a paternalistic compulsion to pluck the dissenters of the past while rendering that embodied sentiment in the present a nuisance of terroristic proportion.

While I observe Black middle-aged women who are devout Sorority members behave like children during unsupervised recess as they take group pictures of themselves, I speculate that cult members are like fish in a fish bowl.

Although “objectivity” is coded language that insists that marginalized individuals submit to their hegemonic oppression within hegemonic systems of exploitation, I can objectively confirm that agents of the empire do not conform to color or gender.

Curious: if we are to acknowledge Purim and Holi, are Lent and Ramadan not worthy of mention? Elite coons wear tight suits and speak prickled liberalism in whitespeak. The weapons of contagious cognitive dissonance are a skilled technique.

All this race-baiting and the tap water in Flint, M.I. still ain’t clean. It seems evident that there is an addiction to positioning oneself as a righteous victim.

I accept that evil is excelling in this game of chess. How do we tell the actors cast in America’s imperial cultural psyop that they are controlled opposition?

Will we wear Gucci to the revolution? If it’s a shared hallucination, I suppose. I need a shower after listening to these academic hoes.

*“Don’t resist the tide;
the path to transcendence is wide.”*

Abeyance

I once believed language barriers,
or cultural differences were the cause
for friction; I know recognize that it may
be due to a discordance in sentience.

“Navigating the Amerikan sidewalks is reminiscent of wearing a time-blindfold while traversing the chalked outline of chattel slavery’s blooded soil upon an undead plantation.”

Preliminary Conclusion

The doctor ain’t invested in your healing,
but the metrics of billing.

The professor will distort truth to stay employed
in the pursuit of reframing reality.

The government will entertain you with the
performative theatrics of a democratic process.

*If you don’t self-administer the chiropractic
realignment of your mind, body, and soul,
your bone marrow will spill,
and God will prescribe no pill.*

*“Unbeknownst to what you realize,
that which you compartmentalize you internalize.”*

“Principled Disagreement”

Visibility matters, yes. However, power is the presence of currency.

Sex work is care work. How do academics pimp their lives by caring for an empire that dangles their self-worth for the trade of inclusive delusionality?

How are we enabling the perpetuation of our internal colonization? I don't know why we believe we'll find liberation from the professors who receive tenureship by the Massa's pawns. There is an inherent conflict of interest. By the nature of their affiliation, they must protect their vested interests.

I love to feel intellectually stimulated and engaged, but cotton candy wrapped in seaweed doesn't resolve my hunger.

Amnesiac voids are fabricated along the spectrum of time that is filled with academic colonialistic erasure, which serves the function of sustaining the capitalist dehumanization of the Earth and her people.



What is politically radical when the onslaught of existential annihilation will not abate?

If we ain't drawing parallels between past and present, don't park on a street called Hope. In actuality, it's our collective existential faith that your words grope.

In the act of masking and code-switching, we make continual investments in the colonization of our mutual existence. How do we destabilize a system if we embody its constructive mandates?

Complicity is incentivized with normalized dissonance, whereas there is a myriad of disincentives for accountability that society prescribes sociopolitically and economically.

Political intervention is covert colonialism, the Public Relations campaign of globalization. A single thread sows the web of imperialism. Gaudy devolution is neoliberalism sharing a seesaw with late-stage capitalism.



Academic hoes postulate on every podium and speak knotted conundrums while walking crookedly but sipping intellectual esteem. Sober and celibate is how I choose to be. I loathe the reproduction of colonial legacies.

The bootleg elite, whom we call the black bourgeois, are the bane of any progressive campaign that tokenizes their complicit respectability in global domination. Your enemy is closer than you think and may indeed be your professor.

As a political ambidextrous who is a spiritual non-dualist, I think the transnational approach should incorporate a multidimensional apparatus.

Logically speaking, the abundance of perpetual immorality would suggest that we are not qualitatively accounting for elements not empirically supported by our five senses.

Is it possible that femicide, albeit a feminist issue, may be a concerted effort to exterminate the soft, generous, and nurturing aspects of the human psyche?



At this moment, I am throwing seeds in an urban desert because I am confident of a divine rainstorm. Lucid dreaming facilitates a bidirectional relationship with consciousness.

Although I am indifferent upon dying, I am militant about living while alive.

Context: After attending Barnard College's Anti-colonialism, Black Radicalism, and Transnational Feminism Conference, I wrote my reflection.

Perfunctory Edicts

1. Food is an elixir for life— a prophylactic medicine for embodiment.
2. Movement is a proactive investment in the healing and resilience of the soul's temple, a nonredeemable earthship.
3. Assume YOU always have your best interests— and self-confirm with objective self-accountability.
4. Community is rooted in frequency, not identity.
5. Reuse, recycle, thrift, and don't be adrift.
6. Herbs over poison; truth over rhetoric.
7. Divergence from social engineering is an existential tactic for persevering.
8. Compost fear, make it fertile, and reap your harvest.
9. Forgive yourself for the stains acquired, then shed the garment and deny the seamstress any further access to your soul's fabric.
10. Neither vertical nor binary, in the nuance, build a constellation.
11. It's never personal because demons need to play; ground your darkness, protect your bay.
12. If you wouldn't eat it, don't serve it. Energy is sticky; watch your ankles.
13. Build your ark because the arc of this life story is predatory.

Conscious Renovation

Refine how you define,
Both the benign and malign

The mysteries of the divine
Are crafted for you to align

Sense

*I know what I hear,
I know what I see,
And I know what I feel*

Two out of three,
Say you no good for me

Because truth is my trustee,
I know the taste of a sweet enemy

The smell of bad energy,
I foresee

Begone

In my mind's lawn,
I curl the misattuned glass swirled at me;
Pliantly, I block and return with generous interests.

‘You must not know me.’

*“When you stop fawning,
your body can unmask its yawning.”*

Quietly, I Sit

When you seize an illicit fire,
there is an impulse to set every soul ablaze
but all candles aren't meant to be lit.

With all your grit, let spirit write.
Trust the flame to transmit.

Reposition

In the midst of evil,
I will tighten my cloak

Divine serenity,
I hereby invoke

God, do what you must,
With the womenfolk who provoke

It is my evolution that they evoke;
In the alchemical smoke, may they choke

Spell: 035

God, please give me the insight
to know when to fight and when
to move out of the line of sight.

Reverse UNO

Imagine that the noble lineages of this dimension
have been hunted and sought to exterminate.

Their legacy has been plagiarized
Their names were stolen.
Their origin was erased.

*In this plane we call Earth,
we fight a war many cannot properly conceive.*

You may say racism, colorism, sexism, classism,
xenophobia, or neocolonialism. But in truth, the inner
God, the luminosity of our DNA, is energetically
extracted to feed entities outside the frequency of our
perception.

The monarchies of Europe are defiled bloodlines that
are sworn to Moloch and its liking.

Jesus was a Negro. And Rome jumped continents.
This demonic infestation requires fire.

Fire in every dimension.
Time is out of extension.

Classroom Note: #003

When baited by a drone, in silence,
I will drown. For truth, I will not bemoan;
in this parasitic circus, I am no one's clown.

Spell: 034

From the Carolingian Dynasty,
With the blood of Lorraine,
I will recoup the crown for my reign.

*“As I fulfill the contractual conditions of this final
incarnation, I imbue my soul’s notion with
speculative motion.”*

Corroborative

The gift you give can be
weaponized against your will;
Thine own self, you must forgive.

When our goodwill is overspilled,
the integration of knowledge can be instilled,
and its transformation into wisdom may be
fulfilled.

A Psychic Planter

If the soil rejects the seed, That soul did not resonate
with such feed; Nonetheless, ***Negress Of Saturn***
honored her Deed.

Matrix Chain Wrangler

With reluctant acceptance,
I disrobe the colonial project of social identities

The indigestible obscenities and their perplexities
Transport me to the antithetical locality of a divine
iridescent omnipresence

Dehumanization is fond of universality;
I have known violations from every hue, class,
gender, and sexual orientation

*I identify as an incarnate who vows to evade
The cycles of reincarnation in this simulated plantation.*

I am both the dove and serpent;
For evil, I will never be a merchant

A spiritual insurgent is fundamentally divergent

Power Drill

After I exhausted
the fumes of self-rage

I parsed grace and accountability
into keys for my hollow cage

The templates of conditioning
facilitate a war; I will not wage

Upon life's stage, I can disengage

*“Be careful the coon you trust, inevitably,
you will smell melanin rust.”*

Windy Waves

Assessing dealings,
Sorting my feelings

From the tenses of my senses,
Truth dispenses

Before you teach,
What is being taught?

Eat the sermon you preach,
Don't let time blot the wisdom you squat

Abiding

If you don't know how to appreciate a slice,
you will never be worthy of a pie.

Your energy is an embodiment of your spiritual fertility.

Don't enable another to render your vitality barren;
with grace, such company you must abandon.

Middle Path Swirl

**I invoke all ancestors aligned with the mission
of planetary emancipation.**

If satan caramelized defecated delusions of grandiosity
and entitled spiritual psychopathy, and you have
accepted the error of your ways, I implore that you
demonstrate this knowledge into transformative action.

When we who are seeded return to life's source, Yahweh
gon' ask who did you endorse upon this earthly plane?
And when you knew Truths's vow was broken, where
was your disdain or decided divorce?

I welcome those who are sworn to night and light.

We convene at twilight, choosing existential love and
forfeiting this imposed manipulative fight.

Harmony over Flattery

An eye for an eye,
We all become blind

Who among us
Can see the lie?

The enemy of my enemy
Is the entity coming for my species

I don't give a fuck about you or me,
What will be our humanity's legacy?

Seed Tilling

Don't let truth abate
Don't make sound wait
Together, we write this fate

Social condemnation is salt;
It keeps me alkaline

The bitter herbs—
With God, I align

RESOWN

I neither condemn nor condone
How we ration this world's silicone

But the ear of the supernatural is my megaphone
Because I am neither overgrown nor fit to dethrone

Patterned Synchronism

Your skin is roaring! How do you sustain this surge?
I pray your battery doesn't lose its charge. I fear a
surcharge.

Folk read one book and get stuck. They forget there are
many libraries—they'd be wonderstruck. Life's sublime
metaphors elude the imagination of those who run
amok.

A hug is a signature for a potential friendship;
if the energy is illegible, I'll deem that contract void.

I've been brushing up on tornadoes that walk, splashing
rage as broad strokes of static. These payloads of
acrylic hailstones are not aligned with the magmatic
clay of my destiny. I celebrate graceful parity.

“Free Joan Little”

The bizarre act of witnessing the retelling of the lives of three Black Women Freedom Fighters by three white women at the Schomburg Center, among an all-white panel, during Women’s History Month, is inexplicably disorienting.

What happens when someone else tells our stories???

And why do they get the institutional support we don’t in articulating our experiential temporalities???

Are historians apolitical anthropologists? Are they apolitical?

Pawned Black heroes are the waistbands of liberal academics, adorned as duplicitous virtual signals.

What would Arturo Schomburg say to this?

*When milk regulates the history of honey,
All I smell are curdled words warped for money.*

When we seek to paint the rainbow in the colors of Kumbaya, do we ask about the frequency of this desired rainbow?

We cannot dismantle racism without destabilizing capitalism and disrupting our complicity in psychospiritual fatalism.

We cannot dismantle racism without destabilizing capitalism and disrupting our complicity in psychospiritual fatalism.

As I listen, the language is patently lukewarm when melanin is viscerally scorched. I am indifferent to the skin; what is the color of your soul? Your vibration should know the cost of what we seek to win.

Rhetorical inquiry: If the cop is the modern-day slave catcher, would their murder be an act of freedom? Or might such an act embolden our society's unseen and unnamed noose holders? Might it be context-based?

It is easy to exhume the past while fortifying ostentatious ignorance of the present, which grossly neglects the future. If it's not practical or alchemical, is it opportunistically fallible?

Oh, Schomburg Center, how have you mutated, and in whose interests?

A season ago, after attending an event, while I was approaching folks and sharing my *Negress Of Saturn's Deeds* QR card, the head of security, in an ungentle voice, informed me that "there is no soliciting" at the Schomburg Center. I was both mortified and validated because I knew what I was feeling in the place where I was.

*My psyche was reared in coon-fields.
I have tasted many strains of blood along these battlefields.*

*I have seen the blackest sides of black souls.
The things I wish I hadn't come to know.
The pain you are unable to stow.*

Species vs Genus

If you wanna ring my bell,
Go right ahead—

I'm already cooked.

Ruminant Conjecture

The difference between a fighter and a warrior is that before I employ my sword, I require permission from above. Although I have wanted to draw blood before I was born, I am guided by intelligent love.

If we build a friendship under the pretense that we both deeply value hydration but withhold water from one another, what does this say about our relationship with thirst?

Water is truthful.

There's something unsteady in your tone.
I cannot trust your truth more than my own.

We have too many hustlers and not enough warriors.
Shining on your competitors, winning a battle, you forget the war. Don't we love the lore of a boot-strapping American story galore?

Paying a colonial tax is comparable to paying child support to your rapist.

You know—the way slave labor is extracted, in prisons and unskilled labor, akin to the way a neocolonial nation's resources are exported to be processed and resold to the country of origin? It sounds like Black men dying before they recoup their taxes from Social Security.

Ghana and Russia have erected laws to criminalize same-sex love within the constitution of their country—a regressive patriarchal witch-hunt—within decorative despotism; self-autonomy is an enemy to destroy.

I wonder what could be gained if they could apply that focused scrutiny and subjugation to pedophiles and the normalization of femicide.

When you share your traumatic psychic wounds about childhood sexual abuse with a friend who was trafficked, you confidently assess that she relayed your emotional nakedness to a mutual friend, a single mother who went radio silent on you. With respect, you understand that protecting your kin, in lieu of a threat, is vital.

The real villains look stainless and wear Febreze.

The tragic thing is when your uncle was your first assailant; for your father, you prayed for forgiveness because every night you were ready to kill and be killed; or the mother who, upon telling your therapist that her crack-addicted boyfriend was actively seeking to molest you, she kicks you out of her house exclaiming that you wanted to be molested and that she didn't want a faggot for a daughter.

These psychic stains fundamentally rupture your notion of trust. As a bearer of such metaphysical injuries, you accept that any and every entity is capable of unspeakable evil. You do not exempt yourself from this analysis.

You know your enemy by their smell; pheromones personify danger; with your first eye, the unseen does not lie.

I thank the universe for my rotation of teachers. I ain't never been seated in the bleachers. I stay on the court. Life is a hell of a sport.

**All my wisdom has been earned.
I reframe that which I have learned.**

*“The enforced social costume
has never fit my dimensions.”*

Transfixed Bewilderment

When wine becomes water,
in the war to overthrow Lucifer's reign,
we are drunken squatters
drowning in saltwater,
while sucking unnatural sugarcane.

Ingrained Brain

When a zombie cracker verbally accosts you on the train,
you are unaffected by its desired imposition on your
peace.
With grace, I do not interrupt the tantrums of those
visibly deceased, for my sanctum is not for lease.

Spell: 033

When folks serve chitlin and call it lobster,
You nod at the Black Liberalist Mobster,
Accepting that they're a white puppeteer's monster.

One Tribe

Spirit and I have been meditating. Over the years, a recurring reflection is a clear knowing that in my blood, I bear both the seller and the sold.

Both are of the same frequency:
Willing to forfeit their divinity for a trivial affinity.

A double negative bore infinity.

*This blood is too rich,
I make an inbred witch itch;
With an acidic pitch, time—I stitch*

*“Indifference is coy reverence;
My endurance has no reference.”*

Classroom Note #002

Headmaster, GodTree:

I request that you employ my chosen enemies, who flatter me by the fragility of their threatened psyche, to propel the mission of *Negress Of Saturn's Deeds* with their decided animosity.

Grasscutter

*Very long ago, I befriended a broke-back seashell
Who abruptly relayed her farewell*

The Mami Wata spirit is very active
Skillfully shrewd and refractive

Dear sound scraper, you cannot use my voice
Nigeria trumps Jamaica; mind your choice

I command multidimensional deploys,
Which is why I remain poise

**Be careful the sea you swim,
And do take care of your every limb**

Free Will Can Kill

I am looking into your eyes,
As I listen to you speak:

Assessing the probability that no one is home
In the animated catacomb

Imagine a psychogenic variant of carbon monoxide—a
spiritualized suicide.

Weary Wears

To the same degree, a farmer torments about the
pesticides that corrupt their crops, the homeowner
besieged by mold without refuge, or the angler who
mourns polluted seas, I anguish for the soul of
humankind.

To blindness, we consign;
This design is malign.

*“May the shadow that fixes its tongue to hurl its
thoughts against me indulge in the buffet it
thought it could serve me.”*

Classroom Note #001

Dear Schoolmate:

If you believe I roasted you in a prosaic elegy, I am a mere notetaker on this field trip through life. As a passenger in the collective earthship, I am a scribe to the driver. I suggest you take your complaints to the higher power. As a flower with petals, I shower. Please don't be sour; you become yeast with no flour.

The Wax of Faith

I don't know, I really don't know
Dear Lord, it's getting dark
It's getting really dark

*Pass me a flash,
I need some light;
Loan me a lamp
There's an echo
In this night...
Borrow me a sun
I'm not fit to run!
Crack the sky—
Let it be outshun*

I don't know, I really don't know
Dear Lord, it's getting dark
It's getting really dark

No Beef, No Curry

I don't fault the product of your choices,
But if you rocking brass and repping platinum

I'mma call Sacred Admin, and for your scam,
Hold my kindness for ransom

One Thing for Sure, Two Things for Certain

Integration Kilt Liberation's Black Imagination;
We so almighty—and—love to worship Whittie.

Like Massa—please, I won't be naughty!

Discomfort is a prerequisite; this sentiment
necessitates sacrifice to be resonant.

Cheap Chivalry

*Walking these City streets,
Same as sitting in church;
From God's branches, I perch*

Y'all niggas want beets to taste like cotton candy
and wonder why y'all ain't healthy.

Spoken from the mouth of an obese woman who took
every poison the doctor would prescribe— after going to
court— I feared the cost too great to unsubscribe.

I'd have to engage the rage these imperial guards make
run laps in poverty-stricken yards.

I'd have to sit with my little girl,
who memorized the flavors of tasted water, from the
projects to Lagos to the suburbs.

To the unspoken, I became a spotter with memory as a
finger on the trigger.

I saw too much too soon,
and when language caught up, I became a wildfire.

The friction was dire!

**Why should I rehearse an attire when MASSACRE is
the choir?**

As I walk these City streets among the meats of the elites,
I tighten my cleats.

*Upon this plantation,
I'm hopping portals*

*The divine operation,
conducted by immortals*

To She Who Wore Black Skin:

You were visibly bothered by my presence.
I understand vampires burn from luminescence.

Although I prefer gold to silver,
May your wicked cold turn to cinder.

God is my Companion, & Breath is our Union

My skin is the linen sheets between I and the divine
Transparent and unbridled truth is a shared holy shrine

When I flip the pages of time and sigh as I recall being
mounted by a series of gypsies and smithies, never
again, I swear—why did I bury my queries?

I am neither a maverick nor a provocateur,
But the clutter in our societal gutter
Will not be discussed in a mutter.

In apprehension, I used to stutter;
Now, I smile as I exclaim a decisive sputter.

Bearing principles as theory and praxis
Is a measured application of aligned prophylaxis.

**The rapture I heave when my spiritual compass is on
the right course is unparalleled by any droplet of
clitoral ecstasy or societal endorse.**

*Sound is light in the dark,
Emitted by a fetus on the ark*

I will fight until I disembark

*No matter how stark,
Only God can quell my spark*

*“When the “radicals” of the past craft history as a
Frankenstein to recast, the unintelligible repast is
devoured by those amassed, believing they are
nearing a diluted truth made vast.”*

Calibration and Conjunction

Been speculating about me,
Ain't placed a proper bid

To destiny, I am the trustee;
I cast infinity upon this grid

Fraternal Democracy

You all claiming colors:
Blue or Red

Different grains of moldy bread

I rock purple,
No gold without the lead

Watch your plate!
The devil will keep you fed

Deimperialist Syndicate

We need guerrilla squatters—
Land Back; liberation's plotters

Organized boosting—Play relay;
Black, White, and Yellow
We are a mellow orchestra,
Playing the system like a cello

**Laws are guidelines,
DRAW OUTSIDE THE LINES**

5-0, how gully you fit to go
Pass the right Nigga a tool
Fuck an informant, and whack ass braggadocio
The revolution won't be televised,
but I can read your tarot

**Babylon's Towers are falling
Why the fuck are we stalling????**

Regarding the Starbucks Coons,
Who idiotically jokes about "We should charge for ice."
You dull-ass dumb cartoons, your lack of sense is
precise

Folks are broken ceramics Painting themselves with
glue Brewing weird ass dynamics
Get some sun, if you so damn blue

It got me twiddling with Societal Determinants of Health

The exact mechanism that manufactures poverty in
resource-rich nations formulates illness to impoverish
health within the United States because, in both
instances, the monopolization of control is advantageous

economically and politically, which is to say, in every way.

They give us Medicaid and food stamps, and the Developing World is gifted sanctions and IMF Loans, but why is the same reptile on the throne?

*Fuck a skull or a bone; this—God does not condone!
But that which you sow has been sewn.*

Let me finish this scone.

Deconflating and Relating

Zionist - Godless Entities

Nazi - Empty Hateful Drones

Jews - Converted Plagiarizers

Israel - An Imperial Satellite State

Israelites - The Nigga you mock

Now—**who are you?**

For the Record:

*“I swear that the evidence I shall give shall be
the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the
truth, so help me God.”*

If my words are deemed terse,
Truth is not a decorated verse.

I am building a lyrical hearse,
Conveying the collective human psyche
To a speculative mausoleum in the multiverse.

This literary heat is me being sweet—
Bittersweet is my might.

Fight or flight, with metaphors
Your soul, I incite!

Spell: 032

I don't match the energy; I mirror it.

They who cap, with the plug,
are easily swept under the rug.

Counterfactual Manifesto

I have chosen, with divine protection, to be childless because if I were to birth a child, I would invariably become a murderer.

Between secret doors at Disney World, organ trafficking, priestly pedophiles, and Child Protective Services kidnapping children, upon delivery, I would have begun counting down my days.

My child would have been a celestial refugee in protective custody. And like Archangel Gabriel, to protect her, I'd defy any decree.

There would be no picket march or city council petition. I wouldn't perform my Black Mama trauma for the entertainment of a desensitized and dissociative populace to digest with indifference.

I would be Dexter and slice some fucking pork and probably sell that skin to McDonald's. My child wouldn't even know that someone fathomed touching her hair.

I am my own daughter.

Shawl

Born covered
By the covenant

Stainless, is
God's garment

Sovereign, but not Foreign

You can be both bright and a knight
Disallow the leech, with no need for slaughter

I appreciate the thirst for light and shared water
But respect the boundaries—I am God's Daughter

Zero Hour

I'm throwing water and fire
as though I need to evacuate Earth,
but I can't eject from this skin craft.

Folk building sandcastles in the desert
and snacking on their crust.

I will live in sound because silence
is not a tomb I can trust.

“Imperialism has induced a pandemic of psychological inflammation, which, in the pursuit of tangible liberation, requires that we forgo delusional fictitious personas of innocence if we are to forge a course of treatment for a terminal condition that looms.”

Aura Sage

The blunt be blunting your senses;
Keep you stuck, shifting tenses



When your father is a rapist
You do a double-take at the racist

When your mother is possessed,
The jest is a targeted rift at your zest



Even positive projection can nurse disaffection.



While temporal relocation is underway, desired
connection turns frequency into a complexion of radiant
detection.

I Grieve the Inherited Imperial Psychodrama

*Walking into a fantasy
you cultivated would be more pleasurable
than one grafted onto you.*

Suppose I were working with a client who exhibited traits associated with narcissism, mania, or schizophrenia. I would focus my attention on evaluating their relationship to reality. Although reality is subjective, there are many components that we can empirically prove objectively.

When at play, while Trolling the Ivory Tower, I feel that I am a butterfly on the wall of the Roman Empire as they pour wine leisurely, ingratiating their vapidness as they rhetorically object to the defilement of humanity. The surrealist amnesic detachment from the impending armies of sleeper cells, with their death as the desired source of water, is morbidly sardonic.

These cognitively hindered intellectuals love to swim laps in the sewer of racial tension, provoking unoriginal rage in their audience. Similar to a comedian who makes an oppressive joke to endear the crowd.

In these Ivory Towers, I see Rapunzels and Sleeping Beauties. I am Cinderella, who is conjuring an order for my Fairy Godmother; I plead that you knowledge-deficient gatekeepers let your hair down so you can climb the fuck out of your fancy dungeon. Or—let us know if you have been psychospiritually roofied so we can contemplate an escape plan before Prince Charming baits you with another frivolous award for nothing noteworthy.

I am indebted to those who came before me and shifted boulders into a landscape I could tread. However, these prominent Black individuals have been involved historically or at present in long-lasting relationships with white romantic partners, from Fredrick Douglas, James Baldwin, Audre Lorde, Nikki Giovanni, Jamaica Kincaid, and Henry Louis Gates Jr. to Kamala Harris. To be precise, I love love! Unequivocally, I am not capping, I root for symmetry, resonance, and divine compatibility. But I'd be remiss if I did not ponder why these elders have not complicated this racial bifurcation that thrives in our society. The personal is political, but we hide the personal, and build a mismatched public politic that gets books sold, airtime, accolades, and funding. This contradiction illustrates that schizoid shit that is rampant in these imperial fucking streets.

We are the same people who dissect and elevate the works of Jerome Harris in his Broadway enactment of perverse and trite racially charged sexual tropes of BDSM in “Slave Play,” as well as Kara Walker’s bedeviling Antebellum silhouettes and the Sugar Baby with the big tits installation. Although Harris and Walker’s work, in specific intellectual confines, could be considered pioneering, I ask how it reifies and creates a buoy for rancid racial tensions that further distract and distort the interlocking slavery we as a nation experience en masse—our foremost global export.

And yes, there may be many pillow conversations that would resurrect the COINTELPRO, but I don’t share that bed, so I wouldn’t know.

Without any advanced educational degrees, certificates, or even healthy role models from childhood, it is violently visible that our society is very fucking mental. If your actions perpetually contradict your words, and this becomes your identity within a nation’s normative culture, we reside in a pathological cesspool that lies because anything fucking flies.

Kitchen is CLOSED

When cooking was a respite for art,
Feeding was defending those in court

You didn't see yourself as a red dart,
An unsuspecting prey in a demonic sport

Observable Inference

Social conformity feels akin to spiritual deformity

*It's a psychic malady;
A contrived congeniality*

That's prone to melting with amoral irrationality

Psychologist

At first, I believed she was a guide
who aided my balance upon the slippery beam of life.

Then, I realized she was my handler,
a paid staffer tending to capitalist languor.

Clarion Charge

After the fog is lifted:

You see how far from
your center, you were drifted.

With remorse and humility:

You acquaint yourself with an accountable affability.

**By reaffirming your vow to the shore of transcendence,
you'll promptly disembark for your destined
attendance.**

Raining Leaves

*Standing in the gap,
Ninja's be covert opps*

*With truth, I stay strap,
'Round these GMO crops*

Negropeans and Sycophants, which are one and the same, both bear reverence for villainous insolence.

When in proximity to such entities, I am affected by the irritants of their gloated indulgence of orgiastic stimulants—this cannibalistic way of relating results in spiritual impotence.

Between the choices of truthful solitude or the overhyped mediocrity of normalcy—in every timeline—I choose the former.

Generously, God has endowed my soul with an armor that is poorly cast as a pick-me performer.

Dusty Morsel

Folk go to the sea and dry a grain of salt,
believing they have the power to balance your
electrolytes and become too salty to exalt.

Prestigious Zombies

To soul death, I am a bystander
of vampires who pawn the chosen
memorabilia of our designated lineage of carnage.

*Neither exorcism nor resurrection seems an
appropriate interjection.*

The Sport of Art that Distorts

Celebrating the anesthetic
when epinephrine is required
paints us catatonic.

Spell: 031

Keep catering to the crowd,
the compass of your truth they will
becloud, and with certainty, they will
not transcribe your plea with God.

Wearing a Pink BLM Hat

I have been experiencing a sinister pattern of seeking to engage melanated women, who I approach gently and respectfully, to share my Negress Of Saturn's Deeds QR postcard. Supernaturally, these women do not acknowledge me. As I witness their pupils move, observing the peripherality of their environment, they render me unreal. I am left to believe that I am an unwanted ghost interrupting their prized slumber.

At this point, it's divine comedy. But the esoteric implications are perilous. I am a frequency who seeks resonance but does not trust the associations formed by any of my five senses. I caress offenses from a continuum of energies who adorn a politic, of which they prance in the ignorance of its emotional flavors and spiritual texture.

This insufferable camouflage of condensed pretense is a malevolently degenerative gesture.

A Spatiotemporal Arc

*We speak of violence
But are dishonest*

*Are we not guests,
Who sucks the breasts
Of imperial conquests?*

Such is epitomized by how we have revered light skin women and their counterparts, who wear the ethno-racial erasure of a raped lineage in their bodies, exemplifying the revisionist narrative of a colonial legacy that distorts and appropriates fictitious superiority to appreciate the value of its conquest.

In conjunction with being remarkably insidious, contemporary neocolonialism is also thrivingly incestuous.

I attended an auction banquet, where intangible rhetoric became consumptive.

A City jail, Columbia University, and the District Attorney's Office believe their collaboration demonstrates "The Best of Us."

Tasked with pitching policies to the stockholder of your oppression is a sadistic way to ensure political suppression.

Would shareholders divest from its stock or engage in public relations to muddy the discernment and discretion of you, their beloved stock?

These Collaborators make love to tripwire, as philanthropists gifting varied assortments of a temperamental pacifier.

Academia is a haunted house that orchestrates embellished imperialist horror as pristine intellectualism—barbarism is an eroticized despotism.

We become enthralled with the symptoms induced by sick systems and lay the fault upon its victims.

Reality is a distortion that truth cannot iron because the heat of veracity is an allergen to those committed to propaganda and its coaxed cultural fevers of polarization and dehumanization.

If we live in a globalized world intent upon the perpetuity of imperialism and colonialism, why do we treat war as a tiff between siblings? Might we all be orphans in a slaughterhouse?

The recurrent existential threat is deployed as a dirty bomb to fortify the shackles of free will by triggering our biological programming that reverts to self-preservation and hastily discards critical thinking.

As an audience of Oppression Olympics, we indulge in focused entertainment by the dynamics. Yet, we do not inquire who and how these competitions are staged and maintained for our collective suffering.

A slave is a slave, whether in the big house or the shack. All I hear is a pimp named slick back demanding we all deliver taxes in an IRS sack.

Unironically, “Privileged” is a warped euphemistic deception of disacknowledging being a benefactor of genocide while simultaneously deflecting accountability and disavowing guilt as a catalyst for praxis.

We preserve our souls with a faith that compels us to strive despite the famine of our lives.

A mystic in a circus, where clowns are the feature act, is embodied as a transdimensional artifact who beholds the observance of an ineffable convergence.

If life is a theatre, and we are all actors, why do we fear drawing the curtain and learning who writes the lines of our thoughts? Unwittingly, these scripts are overburdened, and authenticity seems uncertain.

**Judas is a contagious cancer, a parasite
who speaks as an enticing dancer.**

For many, liberation is neither an objective nor an intention. In the psyche's kitchen, some chefs drizzle tension and division because many have palates that favor the ribbed schism.

Viola

My sacrum is holy contraband
Bearing a tucked supernova
Awaiting the Intergalactic command

Yesteryear

With considerable honor and accumulative insight, I stand at this podium in the kingdom of my grace:

I wish to share the solemnity of my gratitude to every simple troll of destiny who has been both a tremendous teacher and necessary opposition.

Assuredly, the incessant spiritual transgressions inflamed my relationship with divine abolition. But every premonition drew me to my knees with contrition.

Thank you, for the manure of your energy was the fertilizer that catalyzed my transcendental appetizer.

*I'll throw bread at you birds, but you will
never eat off of me. Trust me,
I live by my words.*

Retrocausality

Before, Missionaries were
Mercenaries with scripture as their tool.

Now, mercenaries are missionaries
with democracy as its rule.

*“I ain’t bothered by the righteous who loot, but if you
ain’t got a code of honor, how you different
from the elitist brute?”*

Mesmerized

As I ride the ripples of memory,
in the vast abyss of the cycles of reincarnation

My soul blushes with bliss;
as I marvel at the orchestration of salvation

*“When truth is your compass, with wisdom, you realize
that the seas you steer are captive, and from
freedom’s helm, you are held hostage.”*

Spell: 030

The chimera dilemma is fusing alpha with omega.

Because she ate her placenta, an ephemera treat,
In divinity, she embodies the cosmic spectra.

*“In the onion layers of this clandestine operation,
are you a dud or a forager of metaphor’s
divine destination?”*

Desolvere

Incubation is a bassinet protecting
the serpent as it swallows its tail

Gradually, the veil thins as the
psychic seas anchor its sail.

*“If you seek the silver lining, no matter how despairing
the season, the divine is a narrator who endows every
protagonist with the grace of realigning.”*

Precociously Underwhelmed

In a material sense, my social status is situated in the
liminality of capitalistic arrested development; however,
metaphysically speaking, I lavish in sensorial opulence.

Blood Sway

I was nineteen when my lid got popped
The texture of timelines been chopped

As a DJ of frequency, I master soundwaves
And drop remixes between living slaves and unmarked
graves

Orbital Spectacle

I'm going to war with the selected food I eat

I'm drinking water like she may never taste the same

I'm singing hymns for the battles I'll fight on my feet

I'm disposing of blame and laughing with God on the
mockery of life's game

Instinctive Impressions

In Igboland, I am gyrating my hips with my arms
spanning out as gold coins skip the air and bounce off
of my skin

A goat is cooking, and I smell the Egusi soup

While three masquerades encircle me,
I see a bee hovering

She is my escort back to the sea

Hood Prayer

Pass the Vaseline; I'm set to scrap with the shadow
between. I ain't tapping out; I bleed gasoline. If I sink,
I'll blow like a nuclear submarine. Every dimension
gonna need to boost they sunscreen. When I rise, I'll
whistle with a tambourine.

Retrospective: 12 Years After

When I was summoned to a ceremony in the 4th dimension, Goblins were taunting me with condescension

I woke the fuck up, like — ‘Bitch, you must lost your disembodied comprehension!’

In that Santa Rita Cell, I gave verbal consent right before Lent

A High-Five, with that burnt Sumerian, we fit to squash this etheric contention

We are all in for the war of ascension

Please, pay me no attention:
I’m reminiscing my dreamscape;
I accept misapprehension

We Emerge

I, from light,
You from night

We'll meet at twilight

For Earth is a test we both must pass;
We, the golden brass of the X-Class

Obtuse Ensemble

You wash your face but not your mouth
When you speak to me, I taste the shit in your gut

Your accolades do not baptize your malfeasance
You could eat perfume, but your psyche reeks of arterial
lesions

Gestative Cycling

You can sell a test and buy a license
But common sense requires guidance

If you see me staring at the sky,
I hear the clouds cracking

I'm in the wash, where unpleasantries are a drip;
And yet the water will not rip

Cosmic Comics

Life feels like a back-to-back set of impromptu acting. I know it's not mandatory, but my higher self and her counterparts are fond of jest.



That time when your Chilean friend of four years, an NYU Medical Graduate and geriatrician, while on a cross-country trip to visit her, as you're eating at a diner, asks how you wash your hair. For context, you were sporting a Mohawk with 3-4 inches of free-form locks, and shaved from below the ears. Both of you are above the age of 33, and neither of you has any diagnosis of autism or meets any other intellectual divergence criterion.



As expected of the medical model, you meet with your psychiatric nurse practitioner, who, amid welcomed chatter, decries the self-defense of Hamas amidst the 75-year snail crawl of a genocide besieged by Israel and funded by the United States of America. This Black 60-year-old woman feels very confident about her assessment of the matter. With the calm you speak to a child who seems not to know their place in the world, you ask her if the year were 1831 and Nat Turner orchestrated a slave revolt, would she object to such an act of self-preservation? With an uncanny swiftness, she assertively responds, 'Not at all.'



You invite your supposed best friend into your home with her fiancé, both of whom are white, and this friend's fiancé shares that your believed-to-be best friend is inclined to speedy driving. This friend scoffs at the insinuation as her fiancé attributes her minimization to her father, a deceased police officer, which enables her to fancy her way out of driving tickets.

In my very modest and quaint studio apartment, I am suddenly the guest to their derision of police violence that viscerally attacks my Black body's peace in my sanctuary; while observing these fellow queer women who are both master's degree holders and my supposed best friend, an LCSW Therapist, neither exhibited concern or awareness of the impact of their behavior.



The nature of time is divine, and after being prescribed Adderall by a physician at Smith College in the Fall of 2008, I began to experience what clinicians refer to as mania. As such, I was processing large quantities of data and making abstract connections with a labile mood and a lack of appetite. The H1N1 Virus jumped from Mexico to Springfield in about 36 hours. As evidenced by people's fear surrounding COVID-19, I responded accordingly to the H1N1 virus. Reluctantly, I took a year off from Smith College and briefly crashed at a fellow Smithies' place in the summer of 2009. While there, I experienced a pronounced bedlam stench from the visible accumulation of cat feces in one of the three

bathrooms in this fantastically located double apartment in Greenwich Village.

Led by destiny, I explored Worldwide Opportunities for Organic Farming. I took a one-way ticket to Argentina, where I stayed for about three months to decompress from beholding the opaque imperial bars that outlined every crevice of my memory. As anticipated, I returned to Smith College, where I had a seven-credit shortage, and successfully graduated in May of 2011. Ironically, this fellow Smithie, a fellow richly melanated Black woman of size who appeared to have inherited a trust fund from her late adoptive parents, who told me that folks believed I had lost my mind, did not complete her degree at Smith College and dove her whole body's life purpose into sex work. Sanity is indeed relative and context-based.



In the five years that I worked with my Black Woman Psychologist, I cherished her because she achieved a privileged childhood, a foundation to secure stability and wealth as an adult and enjoyed daily physical contact with her parents and siblings and her own family well into her 40s, which, to me, was unfathomable.

However, throughout that half-decade of a therapeutic dynamic, I was often dismayed and livid by her challenged emotional intelligence and penchant for insular analysis. I recall her saying, after divulging my very complex relationships with gender, class, race, and other intersectional identities, that I should pursue biracial women for romance. This same woman, whom I initially presumed to be biracial upon meeting in the Winter of 2019, as she was fair-skinned and her phenotype suggested other possibilities than Black American, reduced the opulence of my complex identity into a matter suitable for a stereotypical trope.



Because God loves a show, in 2022, you invite your Waspy friend to attend Afro-Punk with you. In preparation for the festival, she inquires if wearing kente cloth would be appropriate. Flabbergasted by the consideration, you immediately say, ‘You can wear whatever you want to, but I will not be able to accompany you in such a garment.’

Upon arriving at the event, I am elated by the demise of the Genocidal reign of Queen Elizabeth. I share brief remarks from my social media viewings to this Waspy friend, who, with a straight face, says that critique of this dead colonialist is “controversial.” For this friend, Queen Elizabeth was a trailblazer for women’s rights. This Waspy friend who, in the winter of the same year,

while driving back from her Aunt's home in Vermont, stated that racialized stratification of resources, which necessitates racism, is essentially up for grabs to whoever has the best hand, and if Black people could be the benefactors of white supremacy, it would be so. This ex-friend, who has a master's degree from Columbia University, is in her second year of law school.



About three years later, I still cannot comprehend how intimate a friendship I had with a divorced mother of two, who realized that her orthodox religion was a cult. During this one-year romantic friendship, I learned that she vehemently hated Palestinians and was adamant that their lives bore no inherent value. This woman earned her master's in social work from Hunter College, a Licensed Clinical Social Worker in private practice who works solely with Medicaid clients.



The delayed whiplash crescendos as waves reverberate in my psyche. The irony of these interactions and fragile relationships could easily trigger lunacy, if for no other reason but being a repository for the world's bouts with schizoid disassociation. With the universe, I have been disputing that these experiences are not entertaining but profoundly remedial and intensely demoralizing.

Although I cannot speak to the nature of teaching in these Ivory Towers and their doctoral programs, I most certainly can speak to what could be unlearned.

Cannibalism: The New Vanguard

Now that food production is a carbon threat Farms are a site of prescribed ecological death

Israel has a skin bank comprised of Palestinian cadavers, a biological tank I wonder what the earth would utter in describing such a people as its epithet

The Federal Reserve is a goon squad,
and no bank is solvent The US President is incoherent,
and Iraq and Ukraine wars were mechanisms for the
laundering of tax money spent

There are laws that govern rainwater collection
While pedophilia and human trafficking appear to be a
societal predilection

No longer will we have to go to McDonalds to eat
human meat Just hunt the bloke down the block;
he looks crispy and sweet

Among God's Crop

Empathy is both a fertilizer and a pesticide;
I am acutely aware of and dissatisfied with the impulse to
self-divide.

As a spiritual warrior, I will slash the intrepidity of your
fatuity; With kindness, I will witness your disorientated
flaccidity.

The pest I parole, and with truth, I cajole. My allegiance
is to the seeded soul.

We ain't all fit to compost;
Some folks are eager to roast.

*I'm passing a spark,
'Betta light up your inner ark.*

Assertive Assertion

I am disinterested in fighting systemic machinations operating per their manufactured architecture. To the campaigns of deflection, I am a defector. Propaganda, a pervasive form of indoctrination, is folklore that dissociates the human psyche from the engine of annihilation and its actual vector.

The masturbatory pursuit of vilifying difference to justify inhumanity is a terminal human condition.

**I object to this psychogenic phenomenon
of cultural tradition.**

“This dimension is a bioconversion center, and humans are divine garbage; for the demoniacal, they are not biodegradable. Who among us is recyclable?”

*“God threads timewaves with a golden whisk that
shimmers velocity as a time-released brisk.”*

Dear Vile Employer:

It's all fun and games;
It's all fun and games.

May your energy be matched and surpassed.

~~It's all fun and games!~~

Sovereign Angels collect my karmic debts;
I stood my ground, for which I have no regrets.

It's all fun and games;
It's all fun and games.

In my memory, you are bale silhouettes.

In My Mind's Eye (8)

In transphasic form, with cracks in my spine
I offer a vase of tears as a pitiless twine

Daring to string the divine into my eternal whine

Square Up

I misappropriated three decades in search of
familial, platonic, and romantic affirmation of
endearment.

*In this season of solitude, I soak in the effervescence that I
blunted for the company of vapid parchment.*

To myself, I practice penance for my over-investment in
doubt and subsequent dependence.

**None other than God can arrest the fire
I cradle in my chest.**

Self-Important Barista

The omnipresence of residual worthlessness bestowed by our society fosters a susceptibility to wielding nominal sediments of power with a ruthlessness that placates a lack of intrinsic self-regard and dignity. To cheap flattery, folks become subsumed in captivity that is rich in acidity and sustained discordance.

*“If we live our lives incensed, in fury’s angst,
our humanity is dispensed.”*

Find the Lady

Misogynoir is a glove, among many, that hides the hand as it stratifies finite resources by employing the divide-and-conquer tactic to materialize oppressive realities that are intertwined and polymorphous.

*“My skin isn’t a fabric but God’s encased frequency,
viscerally exploring human truth as a deity.”*

Sane?

At least in the psych ward,
folks knew they were unwell.
Whether they accepted this knowing
or not is a different matter.

However, the world feels like an open-air asylum
where folks insist they are perfectly fine.

*“Do not befriend demons for whom you see a reflection
of yourself; it may be a projection that compromises
your self-protection.”*

Iron Heart

Black folks dying of coronary disease;
Knowledge of self, colonialism is committed to seize

As a child, I ate chalk; White America diagnosed it as Pica

If I were in the Carolinas, I would've eaten red clay
If I were in Anambra, it would have been Nzo

Plastic is indigestible for the lion;
The salt of the earth craves iron

Polite Society

The auditorium of life is staffed with magicians
and comedic irony that rips the clouds of their fluff.

Although my ego is less tender and averse to rebuff, with
mannequins, I don't mind a subliminal scruff.

Education

Folks can collect and hoard information, but if you fail
to synthesize and integrate, you become a walking
museum of facts with limited knowledge; this can be
deeply painful to acknowledge.

Say Less

I'mma keep it a buck. You melanites in the Ivory Tower are compromised agents. Not because you acquired a Ph.D. but because the Amerikan Dream made you a swirl for the intellectual bourgeoisie. Who is your audience when you fix your plump lips in the chambers of imperial make-shifting rhetoric? What is your agenda as an “educator”? With your tenure, have you chosen a sacrifice, and for whom?

As I troll the Ivory Tower and its academics, I taste hypocrisy where my wisdom tooth once sat. Would I troll the Hebrew Israelites, a New Age cult on Patreon, of which there are many, or those who equate Transrights to everything but the normalization of Transhumanism? Absolutely not!

The Ivory Tower prickles my acrimony because it assumes hegemony and absolutism in veracity's creation, validation, and dissemination.

Truthfully, I think my issue is highly personal. I was born in the projects of Richmond, attending Montessori school and graduating from an all-girls college preparatory Catholic high school in Long Island. However, I knew my lineage had a crack user and dealer, and their proximity to me could have rendered me the protagonist of the movies *Losing Isaiah* with Halle Berry or *Precious* with Monique. And yet, I can't wipe the memories of fetching water in Lagos and rolling blackouts in a nation with tremendous oil reserves. Nor can I untaste the fantastic delusions that Smith College served as tea and biscuits.

The way we socially and systemically whip and lynch

people who do not repeat and adorn the lies of our society is pathological. From a virologist's perspective, this sounds like unhealthy cells attacking healthy ones to maintain a disharmonic status quo.

When the immoral pose as amoral, the unsaid quietly quarrels while protected by their laurels.

*“When the caterpillar fears her bright wings, with
twigs, she’ll endure flings, but the sky is a dream
to which she clings, and with the wind,
she innately sings.”*

Paltry

I eat L's like fruity pebbles,
But I ain't chewing cobblestone

Loaned despair doesn't ruffle my crown
Or diminish a throne God has sewn

Retain

Life is a courtroom,
where your plea deal
serves your wickedness,
enabling you to conceal.

But in the higher courts of man,
you will be a hung clan.

The Gig is Big

Law is pretense and temperamental,
The nation-state is ideologically pimped and ornamental

Democracy is a high-stakes dog fight
Because we're sentimental, we are easy to incite

Let me pull the ear of your limbic system:

We are a host to a virus that
has infiltrated Earth's ecosystem
Evil has made a career out of rebranding
truth with skilled plagiarism

This migrant invasion is a distraction,
accelerating Technofeudalism
A new Patriot Act is coming with civil war
and martial law; this is realism

But before the migrant eats all the money in SSI and
SNAP and DHS In the game of chess, are you a player or
moved as pieces to oppress?

Due to neocolonialism and Amerika's
fading fiat currency
The Global South has, without consent,
subsidized our modernity

Just like the Negro who never got his 40 acres
and a mule, but the New Jim Crow,
The Developing countries are lynched,
and their natural resources are raped for escrow

With my pointer and middle finger between your brow
Are you a mad mutt lacking critical thought who is
intent upon flesh to chow?

In the theatre of this simulation, I plead that you flip the
switch, And ask time, why the fuck she wanna make you
twitch?

If the Simpsons don't make you scratch a mental itch,
For you, it must be love and war in this ditch—
nonetheless

America is the freeloading bastard of Europe, who has
bankrupted the world Do not ingratiate this psychopath
by claiming your allegiance to the underworld

Golden Tongue

Suppose I am a patriot
of a genocidal cross-dressing
adrenochrome addict who besieges
imperialism under the guise of a democratized
moralistic crusader of civilized modernity.

Do I also drink the blood of this perverse fraternity?

Sweeping Sound

I jump tenses
With sharpened senses

The past is a tombstone
The present ain't got a chaperone
The future is unknown, and we ought to atone

I have elegies written on my skin
For the kin who haunt with their divine grin

Black Cube

Technology and its Hyper-Novelty;
The Globalists and their alien cruelty.

Holly Weird is the usher of a Demonic regime, for which
CERN is a doorman to unknown portals and
dimensions seeking to devour this planet—nonphysical
bandits with their imperceivable hatchet.

*War is a desired blood sacrifice that feeds
Interdimensional metapsychic parasites.*

Even when evil be looking feeble, you still see through
from Your glass-stained window in the steeple.

Because the word is wood, I am a carpenter born in the
hood. I chisel reality like a Priest who thought she could.

To the soul, I work as a paramedic;
For the diabetic, I whittle frequency as poetic.

*“Earth’s cargo is held hostage by demons who have
pirated our earthship and are hijacking the helm of this
dimension—If you’re paying attention, you’d be
experiencing existential contention.”*

Pay What You Wish: \$.50

**Museums and Zoos are peculiar places,
Particularly for me, a Negress.**

Both showcase what has been hunted,
Tamed, and reduced to an ornament.

From below, I declare we repeal disarmament.

The dirge of the scourge, a wasteful splurge
By conflagration, may the firmament submerge

Hocus Pocus

Advocacy is a euphemism
To gear up for war with enthusiasm

Whispers of propaganda become grounds for invasion;
Justice and Morality ain't in the same equation

My rage is water. I am hydroelectric;
This siege is asymmetric

Oppression's pandemic is psychogenic,
When its victims are rendered synthetic

*“Physics, unlike economics,
has discernible laws of gravity,
whereas inflation is neocolonial depravity.”*

Summoner

*As a multidimensional forensic examiner,
I pass words like bread at the last supper*

*You ain't gotta eat, but I serve with consent;
May you enjoy the treat and savor the lament*

*“A qualified ghost will stalk you into friendship;
I am the undead reckoning with a perverse epidemic
of self-elected oblivion upon our shared earthship.”*

If Nazism were a Corporation

Does psychology pathologize the victims of multifaceted systemic oppression who live with the scars of forced adaptation and traumatic psychic disfigurement?

I ask because the United Nations and the World Economic Forum demonstrate symptomatology that is anti-human, anti-life, and anti-earth; these agencies conspire with egregious and totalitarian psychopathy that is non-terrestrial and considerably formidable.

Who and where is their doctor, and psychological evaluation?

Conceded

Froth rises,
Precipitates pulverize

May the seed grow
Where light reaches

Colonies and their Context

When trolling the Ivory Tower, I feel, oh so often, that I'm experiencing whiplash. On the one hand, 50% of what is said sounds, and to some degree, feels like a sermon, but the other 50% sounds like the person is exhibiting possession.

We all bear half-truths. My question is, how do we rid the dissonance so we can actualize what we believe to be accurate and not be distorted by our unspoken allegiances to the very imperialism we say is annihilating us?

I keep witnessing an indulgence in rhetoric while academics skip into fantasies of freedom that would require too great a sacrifice—by their estimation.

Will the agitators of multivariate colonialism attend an academic institution that costs \$60k a year? Would that same individual be immune to the psychological grooming between the halls of classroom walls?

A common theme among the presenters and lecturers is that they are generalists. They discuss facts that are strung along without a clear intention of how to make anything actionable—like fodder for freedom's fetish; in the absence of specificity and the identification of intersectional collusion among the oppressive systems, obfuscation becomes a tool to distract and diffuse resistance.

Colonialism is a parasitic cancer that feeds off the body of the earth and all of the living beings she sustains. However, when we discuss colonialism's effects, we speak of the symptoms as though they were isolated expressions of unrelated branches of the systems that function as organs of this planetary body.

Conclusively, a good liar tells the truth but not the whole truth—provocateurs of impassivity who invoke confusion with duplicity.

*“When the spirit awakes within the cell of skin,
it is more unsettling than lucid dreaming
with life's bogeymen.”*

A Bid I Bode

By the Lord, I am cast to manifest
I yield to the sun as a flame-bearer

Earth is a hack hammered by terror;
With truth, may I be a weaver with her scepter

*“How has truth been conflated with insanity?
Is this a conspiracy?”*

Transmutation

If trauma gives root to rot,
Akin to smell, you gon’ hear my sound;
A probiotic fermenting out of bound.

Pretty

Pumping iron makes for a steel clit,
Feeling like a loaded missile,
Lethal as a throat slit

In the Wind

In preparation for death, I find purpose to live;
I understand why we forgive.

There are flowers that blossom in fields of radiation;
My petals acquire hydration from exalted
fantasies of divine retaliation.

Capture

As a literary caricaturist, I dare illustrate the maxim;
From my sanctum, I sculpt tantrums into a magnum

The plague of disarray, my spirit, it incites;
The psyche of society is in my Iron Sights

A Coon is a Plant

*What's the difference between Ice Spice
and Volodymyr Zelenskyy?*

Both are entities that funnel attention and currency to
deplete the resistance of a healthy society.

One is used by Holly Weird, and the other by NATO.

Between you and I, are we watching a game of Domino?

Spell: 029

Niggas baiting bullets—

You won't be saved by tourists;
I hope you got insurance.

“The Holly”

An event at Columbia University, which was a viewing of a film about gun violence and recidivism that depicts the experience of interpersonal and communal violence of the global majority while simultaneously regulating the melanite as though you are a welcomed zoo exhibit but not an attendee, is baffling.

Although the film was emotional, dynamic, and phenomenal, the lack of sufficient historical and political context and highly questionable footage left me perplexed about the journalist’s intentions and its impact on the rendering of the story.

The epidemic of violence and the war on drugs appear to converge as tools for systemic oppression—a ubiquitous trend of imperialism.

The film made me think of some connections between policing, access to loans, business development, and quality schools as culpable actors committed to systemic neglect, which creates an environment that becomes a war zone.

For example:

During the Biafran genocide in Nigeria, of which the Igbos were the target, the British provided the weaponry to the Yoruba to sustain that destabilization.

Similarly:

The Taliban and Hamas receive funding from the same corporations and their lobbied governments, like the Bloods and the Crips.

There are few conspiracies but a plethora of coordinated agendas to perpetuate and sustain destabilization.

From my assessment, I believe the world hosts multilateral wars manufactured by entities without allegiance to life, liberty, or justice.

Racism is a decoy of war. The effects are not a conundrum but a custom.

Why are we focused on the war zone but not the warmongers?

Between weaponized incompetence and organized destabilization, truth is an object of disdain. But we love to glorify the entertainment of pain.

Stoic Critters

A resonant frequency can reverse the psychic castration administered by academic institutionalization.

In the ant colony of aggrandized delusion, where colonial apologists are spawned, I sit and take notes while my body listens to the Queen's tentacle as I bear my pentacle.

Footloose

How will liberty take root
if we cannot sit with the truth?
Colonialism seeded our psyches
with dissonant hybridity; we are
inundated by parasitic seismicity.

Blood Butter

Avoiding politics in the pursuit of freedom
is teatime in the parlor while the cellar and
attic burn. In lacking sincere concern,
our existential crisis and matricide churn.

Sex is Raggedy

If we ain't busting stars,
And resuscitating the unalived from imperial wars

In the waters of my cavern, you will seed Borg spores

It is imperative that I break the stratosphere; From your
contagion, I must protect my biosphere

Cosmetic Shuffling

Charity is a different auctioneer's block;
Bidding on a devalued stock.

Treating symptoms in isolation emboldens the disease.
When knees become feet, the world will be a triage for
spiritual amputees.

Spell: 028

*I have thrown buckets of tears at the infernal rage my
heart spews that could scorch my womb.*

If the earth is spinning on its axis, of a thousand seeds,
one must sprout; God did not impregnate your soul to
be aborted by an artificial drought.

Red Line

Bruh couldn't ride the train without a hit;
The addiction ain't looking lit

That dank green puff,
A welcomed soul cuff

“Tone”

See something, say something

I’m serving a Galactic Indictment;
The preponderance of **entrapment** is coerced
enticement.

The duplicity is a form of immoral hyperactivity.
Each of us ought to evaluate our bankruptcy
And budget consciousness into alchemy

*“Rubber sharpening iron sounds like a turtle tutoring
an eagle to reign the skies; emphatically,
there is an infestation of cocky flies.”*

Deflected

Everyone who wears the skin,
Ain't down to win

Mimicry camouflages impassivity;
A shared ethnicity does not presuppose intrepidity

Between gullibility and psychic rancidity,
The pliability is replicated with invariability

The bifurcation ain't about nation;
We are jurors of divine litigation

*“Although it is dizzying to maintain one’s robust
humanity while living under siege, we must
uphold the honor and decorum of
providence, our liege.”*

Acumen

Supremacy is vertical,
Divergence is horizontal

Divinity is an embodied spectrum;
To existential grace, we are all welcome

*“When read and integrated, the scripture I write is a
firewall against the cabal— whose foremost interest
is to render you uninitiated.”*

Metamorphoun

*I caught a charge I couldn't hold,
reality split, the static, I couldn't sort or emit
that which I was assigned to transmit.*

I rewired my circuit; I am a plug

My only affiliation is with planetary emancipation
My only agenda is to isolate the rupture in Gaia's
placenta

I can hold the voltage; I am among those held hostage.
Not an abstraction. We are amidst a phase of extraction.

As above, so below

Unlike a metaphor,
We are being plucked from earth's shore

Coherence of frequency is your ticket
Sublimate, the divine is inherent—this is explicit

Spade

Racism is primitive,
A colonial derivative

A hegemonic project to which,
Oppression is its initiative

I ain't gonna front; I see regal in every hue
We are blended magnificence in God's stew

Health is a vibration,
And many are incapable of the requisite calibration

Abstract Ethos

By the nature of my incarnation, I have forgone inoculation. Owing to this, I have elected to understand the pathogen's pathology because its etiology invades our cosmology, like malware and mold. I write within the framework of poetry as a practice of Psychobiological Emancipatory Theology. Inexplicably, the pathogenesis is manifold. By the veracity of my thesis, may your consciousness be cajoled.

-Negress Of Saturn's Deeds | The Sirian Delegate | Zisa Aziza

Dessert Bars

If the paradigm of global enslavement were a cake, we have varied slithers of slices, while the mechanisms are a vaulted recipe. As in Hunger Games, we each are the other's enemy. Although we hunger for emancipation, we are not privy to the ingredients or their concoctions. Propaganda and indoctrination are psychological toxins. Does anybody want to ransack the bakery? The sweetest pastry doesn't mask slavery.

Pronoia

The gift of being rendered a striking and memorable ghost of honey-frost is that you are permitted, with indiscretion, to be visceral in your use of truth to accost.

I didn't place myself in suspended animation to crochet fantasy on this plantation.

Smooch & Mooch

It's comical how persistent folks donate flattery as a precursor to dominate with jest and condescension. Not only is it juvenile, it's degenerative. We could be collaborative, but y'all birds are radioactive.

Rotten Oji (Kola Nut)

The only two Black women attending a public series lecture by the Columbia School of Journalism are seated at the back of the audience. Before attendees arrived, I was sitting first when the soundcheck was undergoing testing. The other Black woman enters later and is scanning the room. She sits in the same row as me but on the opposite end. She then gets up, walks around me, and sits two seats directly in front of me. Shortly after that, she got up and appeared to be headed to the exit when she prompted an interaction by asking me an ironic question.

An energetic description of the extended exchange:

A Roach seeks to interact with a Bee. To whom she says, “Do I know you?” The Bee responds, ‘not to my knowledge!’ The Roach then proceeds to objectify and interrogate the phenotype of the Bee anthropologically. Although disturbed, the Bee was curious to listen to the Roach. The Roach could not place the lineage of the Bee before her, stating, “Your problem is your features are blended.” When the Bee informed the Roach that she was witnessing an Igbo Girl, the Roach contested the Bee’s lineage. Startled, the Bee inquired why the Roach believed her lineage was not Igbo. The Roach stated that she could see Fulani features or West Indies phenotypes in the Bee’s face. In translation, the Roach observed how yellow the Bee appeared before her, but the light was unfamiliar. The sight of a humble yet majestic Apidae could be disorienting. The Roach could not distinguish whether the Bee was any of the following: Honeybee,

Bumblebee, Stingless Bee, Carpenter Bee, Mason Bee, Leafcutter Bee, Sweat Bee, Mining Bee, Squash Bee, or Cuckoo Bee. The genus of the Roach was inconsequential to the Igbo Bee but peculiarly entertaining. This Roach had a sweet tooth and saw the honey in the Igbo Bee.

The Roach identified as royal, and I agree that she exhibited a taste for royal honey. I would never contest the regality of the Roach, for that is not a species to which I bear shared heritage.

The Roach is also a Bushwoman. This Bushwoman is trying to sell you meat, but doo-doo flies stalk the meat. And the SMELL makes you want to throw up the good food you just ate. She swore the goat was healthy like the goat was so pretty that she didn't want to kill it. And now the Bushwoman wants to sell it to you because you deserve that good goat meat. With all of the doo-doo flies and the smell, that makes you ask, what in God's world is happening?

The same Bushwoman is also a pastor who is confident that as a wife, you should go back to your husband, even though he rapped and beat you and he was just all kinds of wicked. It would help if you went back to him. God does not like a woman who does not honor her husband, even if she is scared, he will kill her in her sleep. You have to be loyal; marriage is a divine holy

union, and you have to honor the sacredness of the marriage. Even if he rapes you, beats you, steals your money, or demeans you, even if you are living in horror, having nightmares, and nothing in your life is flourishing. But that marriage, you must stay with that man. God does not like it otherwise. The Pastor-Bushwoman says it is true. This a different kind of Bushwoman—I tell you, oh.

The Juju dust faded as I planned to depart from the Roach-Bushwoman-Pastor. Neither her phone nor tablet were working or chargeable, and she stated she was hungry several times. And the more she spoke, the more I ascertained she was the drone of a mami wata spirit. I am not a classist, but I am a healthist. As I sat with her grandiose 6th sense, she sought to convince me that all the truth I burrow between the canals of my soul, heart, and spirit, which I nestle multidimensionally, was untrue.

After 10 pm, at the Pulitzer Hall, she scrambled to pull inert items out of her bag, seeking to call someone for a lift to Far Rockaway. Although I initially considered sharing my phone, there was an uncordial demand to use my phone. Because I know my bloodlines so well, I could see her antennas and appendages, those of a water roach.

As I boarded the nearest train, I thought:
Unsupervised hubris is dangerous.

Mud Asphyxiation

Why would you seek hydration from a river that reverts to a drought upon your approach?

Upon your innately bestowed and progressive accumulation of wisdom, resist the petulance of foolishness to encroach.

What We Be?

They are selling Hotep,
I'm with Quantum Physics,
and we in Star Trek—don't
succumb to the bottleneck.

Privilege of Safety?

Harm is a commodity that appreciates the value of safety's privilege, which informs the evaluation of the asset and its application as a tool to suppress dissent.

Equal opportunity threats of violation
facilitate an encompassing sentiment of dispossession.

Nonetheless, I believe I have a decent grasp of the intersectional oppressions that inform my experience of the tapestry of life; however, there is a curtain I have yet to draw. How is the fabric of our global experiences with dehumanization and oppression similar and dissimilar but sewn of the same thread?

Race is one of many artilleries. But there are genocides among those who have conspicuously white histories.

In war, the aftermath arc is one of perpetuity, like the debris of a demolition. Memory becomes a terrain of partition.

Trauma is like a coronary snake bite; its venom in your arteries becomes a parasite. As I review my failure of imagination, I fear a lapse of volition.

All souls bear the universality of pain among God's fingerprints: even so, understanding tints and the back of the world splints.

Admittedly, many are empty consoles to varying degrees; for some, the evil is incomprehensibly lethal.

My positionality sensitizes me to the nuance and context of grave dissonance accompanied by fertile complexity.

If war erodes, truth decodes.

Art is a frontier; in healing, we steer

Nostrand

Getting a colonic while devouring lays chips and smoking a bargained loosie seems to share certain discrepancies, like reforesting native trees to address deforestation and climate complexities with no reduction in the ramping up of drilling and sustaining every other means of environmental contamination; this logic may have cracks in its formation. Dishonesty can be an indecisive cremation.

A Lily to Myself

I will not be an enemy to myself
to be your friend.

That unspoken ultimatum
is emblematic of how you condescend.

Nor will I berate you with truth
because it will offend.

With choice and accountability,
neither of us will have cause to misapprehend.

Connect Four

It's not personal, it's celestial.

Like oats soaked overnight, so were you in dysfunction.
Decades of shame cloak your adaptive malfunction.

The sky may be falling, or the clouds are reshuffling;
The opera of life is befuddling.

Pardon the grief; The robber treats you like the thief.

The racketeer makes a Ponzi scheme
in the shade of your skin.

The pirates throw the law book at you
for not wanting to be looted with a grin.

Chickens are coming back to the coop.
Retribution fit to recoup.

*“Inflation tightens the chains by compromising
the immunity of community.”*

Drumming and Humming

How does the Ivory Tower revere the sacred cultural objects of the melanite but not the melanite??????????????

If the doctor misdiagnoses your illness, which was caused by his “medicine,” and then seeks to cure your dying with a new diagnosis, should you be wary?

The objectification of culture is served in a kitchen of dehumanization.

Poverty is a relic of authenticity. The oppressors are bemused by the artifacts of the undead. Like the jar of a black man’s testicles during J Edgar Hoover’s directorship of COINTELPRO.

Two days back-to-back at Columbia University, I witnessed the harvesting of black trauma from men who did not know they were being siphoned from. Both are jolly to have an audience, not to be rendered invisible or mute—instead, a spectacle.

Terror, a global phenomenon and tactic of political paralyzation, implants scrap metal into one’s psyche. So bewildered, we can lose touch with the almighty.

Folk want to talk about freedom but not politics; how do they do that?? Liberty doesn’t trickle down, but the soul’s death can drown a town.

Ivory Tower: Your endowment is a malignant, complicit, and efficient conflict of interest.

"Gangs have overtaken 80% of Haiti, says the UN."

That sounds eerily similar to an epidemic of crack-addicted babies and has no connection to how the crack became accessible to a mother who became addicted and had said, child.

How do these things happen???? Could such things be anticipated? If there are imperialist patterns of infiltration and destabilization, how can we not predict? Rather, truth is sought to contradict.

A rabid dog will bite. Understand the circumference of the plight.

"International Actors support Haiti..." like the CIA, MI5, and Mossad? Or the Deep State and Black budgets?

As the Earth hosts a dimensional war, I have been writing a testimony to share with an adjacent shore.

*“Your soul is a tree and your tears water the seeds
not yet ripped from its roots.”*

Checkmate

You took the bait
Karma is an overflowing plate

Eat glass, you repulsive vertebrate
Idiocy will self-manipulate

Riff Raff

More often than I once realized, I perform the role of a supporting actor in mini horror flicks.

These impromptu discordant realities display a person with three outfits and two panties with see-through soles for shoes.... They tell you about fashion, marketing, and the aesthetics of presentation. While inferring that you're a bum because you bargain shop for high-quality clothes—50-95% off MSRP, always.

These same bum ass niggas will disrupt your sun gaze by treating you ashy when they know damn well you're glistening, and they bothered!

I have known rodents who talk to me as though they're an alpha Lion, and I'm a deer with its foot stuck in the mud. I am the lioness who hasn't roared because she knows her teeth will sear. Y'all can sneer; I am severe and sincere.

And due to an epidemic of spiritual orphanhood, you got two-bit scammers dropping bible verses and "Shalom" who will tell you about yourself as though you stepped into physical embodiment the moment they laid eyes on your divine being.

Worst of all, Supremacy is a strange contagion. It seems to be a pandemical delusion. It's a fanatical obsession shared by all. Hence, the waiting room dribble of our human fall.

Motion for Clarification

As a Sirian Delegate,
Our shared reality is what I interrogate

This incarnation is a fact-finding mission Intergalactic
laws have been prophylactic

But Earth exhibits an absence of existential obeisance;
During a period of apparent convalescence

For an indictment, I gather evidence. Knowingly,
arrogance begets ignorance

But it does not grant absolution,
As there are levels of complicity amidst devolution.

The Cosmic Courts are epidemiologic and atomic;
Accountability is an insurmountable inevitability

Three for Three

Without fail, menopausal black women strongly disagree with my sober-minded approach to the trapeze of oppression, one of many phasic distortions that demand complicity and concessions, for them is a welcome carousal.

Don't they see that this rhetoric is strapping a modified collar?

We are talking about abolition but ain't clear on the parameters of the plantation.

*We need folks scanning the yards.
We are keeping different records.
We clock when we pass the shards.*

If the planet is a plantation, the prison is a cell that cages constitutional deprivation.

Inmates are political hostages to secure a subclass that is intended to be economically, physiologically, and emotionally handicapped—the procured feed for the capitalist industrialization of unskilled labor extraction and exploitation.

“Whilst being a richly melanated, incisive, sensitive, and solitary womb-bearer in the house of a redressing imperial psychotic, the euphoria of lucidity is a spiritual aphrodisiac.”

As I tend to my Cuticles:

1. Climatist are liberal eugenicist.
2. The school-to-prison pipeline is a systematic economic slave-breeding mechanism.
3. The prohibition of abortion renders rape a weapon to facilitate spiritual, physical, political, economic, and bodily wombicide.
4. Multiple sectors of society are engaged in a sociopolitical celebration and, with intoxication, enable voluntary bodily amputation at a time when biological material is the site of concerted harvesting for scientific transhuman masturbation.

5. Our current incentivized invasion of migrants is the pawn for both internal and external destabilization.
6. The child-rearing of white children, en masse by black and melanated women, is a codification of the mammy.
7. Environmental racism is a eugenic project orchestrated to neutralize the nature vs. nurture argument by reifying racist capitalist dehumanization.
8. Literacy without comprehension is comparable to an appetite with chronic malabsorption.
9. Even oppression is susceptible to appropriation when politics and culture become a petri dish that manipulates consent by marketization.
10. How creative! Synchronically, exploitation is commodification.

White Supremacy or Racial Narcissism?

The world feels like an orgy
that indulges in a performance
of sadism and masochism
that is framed by capitalism.

Perpetual Patient of a Sick World

I met with my Psychiatric Provider of half a decade a couple of months back, and I told her that I know she believes I have PTSD and Bipolar Disorder with periods of Depression and Mania. But in truth, I have full-blown Drapetomania. Earth is a plantation, and I'm on a multi-year call with the Galactic Federation.

I'm not suited for this dimension; I have an agenda of a singular mission. I ain't feeling this societal normative conscription y'all trying to push on me—I seek the distillation of the true notion of being free. Everywhere I go, something is trying to colonize me. Is it me??? Or am I code that every whip-bearer is trying to program? So, I can be easily sold.

You got a pill for this kind of ill?

*“People hate the wealthy but want to be them;
Energy is a different currency.”*

Spell: 027

With a cutlass, I’m clearing cassava.

About to eat me a guava,
as I temper my blood brewing like lava.

*“Folk with their skin peeling, who are visibly
water-deprived, will pitch you their mastery
of osmosis; I stay witnessing corrosive psychosis.”*

*“Accredited institutions pimp veracity and depreciate
truth by contaminating its sanctity.”*

Cryptogram

The child can be the teacher, and the elder the student;
Older may not be wiser but boastfully impudent

The designated Villain may be the true Hero and vice versa
In our psyche, propaganda is a cursor

*Gaddafi, for you, I pour my moon
You were untamed and never a coon*

Humankind peels the scabs of a self-healing earth,
Many have chosen stillbirth

I am indifferent to life's worth

But this contagion, psychopathology, must be self-
contained; Unfeigned and divinely ordained

Midterms

The universe is grilling me
With energetic phonology

I've been prepping for the Lord's tournament in my
dreamscape; This drill is a joint exercise within a
multidimensional landscape

I ain't antisocial
But like an overripe fruit,
I attract gnats that are ignoble

I lather cinnamon oil
To dispel the fungus of spoil

Every circus has a clown,
Even the royal must earn their crown

In God's Kingdom, I am being fitted for my ballgown

“A Healthy and Just World: What would it take?”

Why is the weaponization of food for subjugation in a transnational genocidal war different from the social determinants of health as a form of asymmetrical warfare as it relates to eugenics and anti-blackness? Although this is a rhetorical question, Imperialist Variants is the only probable answer.

The power of three, two witches, and a warlock.
Rearranged are the hands of the clock. A surrounded
Black Madonna stripped to the leafstalk—a well-trained
stallion of quality stock.

Willie Lynch got us walking around with a loose
noose. The trickled breadcrumbs of white supremacist
esteem can seduce. But in truth, it is vision it seeks to
reduce.

I, too, have been tamed by time. Fate is a constellation,
a riddled rhyme. Liberation’s chart in this maritime is a
choppy paradigm.

I see a pattern of whiteface, like a mother who watches
her kin’s rape and washes the lace. This allegiance is
strange because it implies an overlap of values one can
interchange.

Diet has become a formula for prolonged genocide. I
suppose depopulation should be a sweet, processed
snack; let the consumer decide.

Private actors, such as the food industry, should comply

with a laissez-faire government that is lobbied and paid for by said private actors. The policymakers cannot decide on the objectives; therefore, they publish for tenure and bask in delusional splendor.

This cyclical rollercoaster that evades any detection of accountability and responsibility is akin to a trafficker of hope, faith, and disillusionment.

Gaslighting is the beam by which the pyramid of white supremacy, capitalism, and the implementation of eugenics connects to the columns of grandiosity and hallucinatory directives that legitimize psychopathy.

When fellow humans are referred to as “eaters” at Columbia University by a highly esteemed panel, I find myself experiencing dysphasia. Is obesity-inducing chemically saturated food a cordial application of euthanasia?

Context: *This reflects my perception while attending Grand Rounds, a public speaker series at Columbia Mailman School of Public Health, on February 6, 2024.*

Resolve

If I am not to smell my flowers,
May my legacy be the pollen

That engulfs the befallen towers;
And by God, may victory be ours

Jagged Cloud

The storm it holds,
In the palm of the skies' fist

Don't let the wind break its wrist,
For the sun may curl and twist

Pier 57

I am the mother of the endangered;
Destiny is a dice roll upon which I wagered

*I came to cop the keys
My lineage of Pharisees
Stay overseas*

Time ate my pleas

Hail Mary,
Burn the boat—
I'm the last ferry

Appropriation & Reparation, Mutations of Colonization

Appropriation is the enterprise of applying a sociological and economic framework of exploiting and, as it pertains to Hip-Hop and Black Culture, being an overseer of the production of art and culture of Black people, which is a global export, for whom Black People are mere pawns of a digital and cultural plantation. These Creators are house slaves of a ghettoized project of social engineering. Modern Hip-Hop, a more palatable enactment of minstrelsy, is comprised of Singers and Rappers who pick cotton and tobacco for the market of psychological enslavement.

Thereby, I ask, are reparations analogous to a corporation's calculated and anticipated liability for neglecting ethical commerce to ensure a desired profit margin? Is a payout integrated into the cost-risk analysis as a calculated net loss from the intended interests on the gross revenue? Similar to cancer, can the host ever be healthy if we do not halt the replication of sick cells? Suppose the necrotizing fasciitis of white supremacy and its mail-order bride, capitalism, are unable to cease the act of eating flesh by way of pillage, gentrification, imminent domain, school zoning, currency devaluation, multinational coups, prison industrial complex, and medical apartheid. Would that indicate that reparations are a performative kumbaya psyop? Is this an asymmetrical war with killer bars and banging beats?

Indigenization is the neutralization of ancestral origin and cultural sovereignty, which facilitates the coaptation by hegemonic society and the sterilization of indigeneity. Culture becomes a buffet with no cook or farmer, but we all eat. Who knows the recipe, and have we been poisoned? The commodity without sovereignty sounds like chattel slavery. But in the 21st century, we call that neoliberalism; everything is up for grabs because legal ownership would imply a recognizable personhood. Akin to the patents of the enslaved, the property of my property is the enslavers.

How do we then decolonize and reconcile when our lineage is copyrighted? We become the pirates of our heritage and pay the plagiarizer for wisdom bestowed by our antecedent.

White supremacy will not provide the tools to dismantle its reign, but it will play court, and the delusion of justice will become theatre to arraign. Don't we all love to watch a good sport?

Are we shuffling the caste system while asking Massa if he's okay with the alterations in his transnational colonies? If and when he cosigns, is that a decoration or renovation because it most certainly is not an eviction or demolition?

From trafficking humans, like stolen artifacts, who are extracted for the amassment of hoarded wealth, to cultural trafficking to amass even more wealth to hoard, it is apparent that this is a disguised mutation.

Appropriation is passive-aggressive and more cultured than outright colonization. There is no need for an annexation; we drink tea flavored in liberation. Subsumption, although insidious, develops a hybridization that obfuscates with conflation and glorifies artificial amalgamation.

*“Sobriety is not an identity,
but with God, clarity builds solidarity.”*

Galactic Trusses

In this Olympics of an animated simulation, I shot put
the anchor of my immaterial essence to Sirius, where my
kundalini coils an inducted magnetism and stabilizes the
field of my biosphere.

Although I am not immune to this atmosphere, my
epinephrine is automated to calibrate like a cosmic
engineer.

Because God is queer, I collage fear and revel in alchemy
as a divine souvenir.

Apperception

The pathogen is self-aware, but not its host;
Ubiquitous and undiagnosed

Earthhood is a post I denounce,
Where the virus is pronounced

Prognosis: Chronically Fatal;
How death becomes a cradle

Distress Signal

God and I are in dialogue about a sundry of long-standing controversies. Although I've been writing her liturgies, she minimizes my cursive wails styled as poetic curtsies.

SOS dispatch, round up the clergies.

I'm heaving wrath; light doesn't solve math.

Maxim

Folks with 7.5 toes in the grave have their whole decaying foot on the accelerator to planetary extinction. We are riding an elevator with no ventilator. Glaringly, evil is an intoxicating affliction with no treatable prescription.

Fraudulent Morality

*Not a victim but a sought prey;
In this dimension, the laws have gone astray.
Within the liminal realm, I await karma to ricochet.*

To colonize is to engage in sustained psychopathy. Ironically, the same enslaver who morphs the systems and redesigns the tools to support the craft of dehumanization, exploitation, and perpetual extraction is also a psychologist who diagnoses the generational trauma, the evidence of legalized and inherited barbarity, as maladaptive and incorrigible.

Applying such diagnostic assessments from an ahistorical and sociologically decontextualized framework is a praxis rooted in mechanistically gaslighting society and blaming their unwillingness to adapt and conform to respectable and palatable ways of enduring spiritual annihilation, which legitimizes eugenics and protects the erasure of the insidious shapeshifting culprit.

*“The body is the colony of the spirit,
and the soul is its overseer;
I insurrect as consciousness,
guided by divine ordinance.”*

Terms of Survival

Masking, Code Switching, Fawning, Splitting

Describes my every attempt to not shatter under the weight of a society that chips at my core.

Although this I deplore, I have worn nice for rapport.
Strangely, I bottle resentment because demons’ bait and love to spar.

Life is a tactical seminar, when I pray to be antiwar.
Every ecosystem has a carnivore. Therefore, I must diversify my repertoire.

Dust Bowl

*If the meek shall inherit the earth,
I have a fork and keyboard;
Utensils for a birth to unearthen*

Traces of American Eugenics, the mutant power-ranging racism, passive-aggressive microaggressions, and socially acceptable gaslighting feel like a faint thirst that I cannot resolve. No matter how depleted my electrolytes become, my environment dehydrates my psyche.

Even so, I know droughts are drifting upon our shores, from economies upon lands my nation has harvested to the bone.

It's hard to ask for a sip of water, peace, and humanization when you know the consciousness of man is infected with a virus we have yet to name collectively.

Evil is a doorman to a house where we pay rent. When madness is a pugnacious scent, I eat my lament and rock my soul as we summon our descent.

Infinity:

At my big age,
I stir rage

Like a stew not fully simmered

Wisdom should have you transfigured;
If not, you're splintered and undelivered

Stay cooking, inward and unhindered

Crooked Crutch

I contend that my psyche was fractured, and I willingly engaged in psychological counseling.

However, the desired validation and compassion felt like a prickled attempt at troweling the creases of my trauma where what was unsaid rendered the past a shooter that kept outgunning.

Therapy became a site of consensual gaslighting and a solicitation of rehabilitation that was voyeuristic emotional indoctrination.

Enticed subservience was the therapist's duty to fulfill socially normative conscription.

In these trenches, only God is my physician.

The SIMS: Soul Trap

Within patterns, I have hoarded the company of
energies and made a habit of recycling despite
treacherous memories.

I have nursed disbelief and have found myself in hospice
for lack of acceptance.

If the skin of your psyche is infected, you must flay
the flesh to protect your soul. Positively, the intellect is
prone to cause you to deflect.

If the matrix were an escape room, I'd look for the plug
because I want to incinerate the holographic rug.

*For now, I stay strapped with my UV flashlight; I intend to get
through this endless night—*

As I thirst for true light!

God is my witness |
Chineke bụ àmà m

Skin, the litmus

Memory is divine resistance |
Memoria divina resistentia est

